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Sister Dolorice

The Forgotten Woman

An Editorial


BOMBING
OF ROMEOPA UNDER
FIREAMGOT HAS
NO ARGOTPETER
IN CHAINSRECRUITMENT
OVER?PARTY
POCKETS


A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

OUR CHARTER MEMBERS

We are pleased to add the following to Our Honor Roll of those who have been subscribers to *America* from the first issues of 1909.

"Yes, I am one of the original subscribers to *America*, and for the past 35 years I have been glad to keep my subscription up to date to evidence my interest in the good work done by the weekly.

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MISS MARY KEARNY Bay Head, N. J.

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Thousands of men and women, Catholic and American, should know of *America*, should know how valuable it is for them, should also be subscribing to *America*. Will you do them, and do us the service of introducing them to *America*? If you send us their names and addresses, we will communicate with them.

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Contributing Editors:

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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JULY 31, 1943

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WHO'S WHO

THE distaff side—in the factory, in the Services, on the road and in the Church—holds the spot in this issue. RUTH REED, Associate Professor of Social Research in the School of Social Work, Catholic University of America, visits the industrial plants where millions of women are at work—many for the first time—turning out war and peace goods; and analyzes the problems and implications of the change. . . . "You've got to get up . . . you've got to get up"—at five-thirty A.M.—to see a Wac through her day. LOUISE EDNA GOEDEN, one of them—she's a Captain of the Wacs in the Technical Information Service—has a heart; she presents the training and chores of the woman in uniform for armchair soldiers. . . . A picture of women on the road, an unhappy picture—war nomads creating makeshift homes in trailers—is shown by HELEN WALKER HOMAN. Mrs. Homan, well known contributor to many progressive publications, has a special interest in the changing activities of American women. . . . SISTER DOLORICE, O.P., who contributes the happier picture of women on the road—the nuns who carry knowledge of God and civilization to the children of outlying districts—teaches eighth grade in Milwaukee. . . . MOST REV. C. P. B. COBBEN, who describes the first service held in the church at Viipuri since the Russian exodus, is the Vicar Apostolic of Finland. . . . LEONARD MCCARTHY is a teacher of Latin and English at Boston College High School. His criticism may help in the reading of Willie Saroyan. . . . CHARLES A. BRADY, professor of English at Canisius College, Buffalo, thinks heresiarchs have been bitten by the same bug as the Baconians.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Recruitment Over? Secretary of War Stimson, on July 16, told reporters in London that the United States Army has "virtually finished recruiting." What does it feel like to be a young married man in civilian life, but not engaged in an "essential" industry? Every two or three weeks the section of the press addicted to lightweight sensationalism (i.e., sensationalism without a sensation) used to scream out banner headlines: MARRIED MEN FACE DRAFT. A Presidential directive put some order into the classification of married men with children born before September 15, 1942. More recently the headlines say: FATHERS FACE DRAFT. General Hershey gave us to understand that by Autumn draft boards generally would have to dip into the ranks of fathers of families to meet their quotas. Now the Secretary of War tells reporters in England that we in America have "virtually finished recruiting." Young fathers can now eat, drink, work and sleep wondering, "Am I *virtually* drafted or *virtually* sure of not being drafted?" Let them cool their heels for a few days. The press will blare out a new guess, maybe from the War Manpower Commission, or from the Chairman of the House and/or Senate Committee on Military Affairs. We suggest: let's either have no more pronouncements or one really responsible source on pronouncements. Young fathers have had enough misery.

Relief and War. Among the wartime casualties in Washington are some of the Federal relief agencies spawned by the late depression. The Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC), the Works Progress Administration (WPA), the National Youth Administration (NYA) are all dead and decently, if hastily, interred, though not forgotten by any means. Writing in the *Survey Graphic* for July, Jane M. Hoey shows that, with the tremendous rise in employment, "relief loads everywhere have ebbed as if by magic." In the dark days of the nineteen-thirties, people who had never in their lives been in want sometimes expressed fear that Federal relief policies were enervating the nation's manhood. Washington, they said, was coddling shiftless incompetents "who wouldn't work anyhow." The alacrity with which the unemployed have taken the jobs made available by war ought to kill that smug misconception forever. Miss Hoey also points out that while prosperity is widespread today, it must not be thought that there is no longer need for public assistance. Recently the President stated, in vetoing the Commodity Credit Corporation bill, which aimed to ban the use of subsidies to roll back prices, that many of our people are not sharing in the general prosperity and, if anything, are worse off than they were before the war. These people are the forgotten men today. It would be paradoxical

if we were to rush food and clothing all over the world and neglect those who do not enjoy freedom from want at home.

Dean Acheson Appointed. As Allied armies liberate the occupied countries of Europe and of the Pacific, we shall be confronted with new tasks of colossal proportions. We shall find ourselves in charge of regions which the enemy has exhausted of food and other resources, including manpower. We shall find once prosperous and well-organized communities in a state of total breakdown economically and politically. We must be ready at the turn of the switch to set up a working system of relief and rehabilitation, with the object of putting these peoples on their feet again. This is first of all a military and political necessity, unless our progress is to leave in its wake anarchy and revolution and epidemics and famine. It is also a humanitarian and Christian opportunity. We are happy to see adequate provision made for these contingencies. Dean Acheson, Assistant Secretary of State, has been appointed to head the new Office of Foreign Economic Coordination in the State Department. Mr. Acheson is an experienced administrator. He has proven his diplomatic ability by arranging the Lend-Lease Agreements. The importance of his appointment to this new unit is that it strengthens the role of the State Department in shaping the course of our foreign policy in occupied countries. Mr. Acheson's Office will work in conjunction with former Governor Lehman's relief and rehabilitation unit, with lend-lease operations, and with the new O.E.W. of Mr. Crowley, subject to Mr. Byrnes. Mr. Jesse Jones and Mr. Wallace are supplanted by other administrators in this unified system.

Party Pockets. Senator Hatch is not satisfied with the way the law to limit the expenditures of political parties has worked out. The present law limits the expenditures of national political committees to \$3,000,000 a year. A Senate candidate may spend up to \$25,000 in seeking nomination and election; a House candidate may spend up to \$5,000. Senator Hatch concurs with the McFarland Committee in the Senate, whose investigations of 1942 campaigns led to the conclusion that these limitations on outlays have been ineffective. Senator McFarland urges repeal of the law on the ground that entire reliance can be placed on publicity. Senator Hatch goes much farther. He suggests that all private contributions be prohibited, and that the Federal Treasury supply the parties with limited amounts of funds, perhaps \$1,000,000 annually for each national committee. This proposal has been made before. If the present law cannot be enforced, then expenditures cannot be effectively limited to the amount of a Federal subsidy. Fearless publicity

seems to be the best safeguard against corruption of politics by generous contributors to party funds. In the end, what will always set the tone of political campaigns is the moral tone of the whole country. If we tolerate dishonest practices in business, in the professions, in trade unions (as we do), we will tolerate them in political campaigns. We need a fifty-two-week honesty drive, annually.

Medical Progress. The urgencies of warfare and the amount of thought being given to applied science in all matters have brought medical and surgical practice to new levels of achievement. A case recently reported told the story of a small tank, carrying four men, into which a hostile shell penetrated and exploded. After heroic work, the only casualty was one amputated leg. Sulfa drugs, tannafax or burn jelly, and blood plasma are bringing hitherto unsuspected successes. Air transportation of the wounded to base hospitals saves many lives. A personnel of high morale and selected talent not only salvages most casualties but, by accurate reporting of new methods of treatment and by the use of new drugs, is making available to the profession techniques which will certainly better our already notable medical service in postwar days. Many younger doctors were called to the Army or Navy. Their sacrifice, which is also ours, is likewise our great gain.

Uncle Sam's Payroll. Jeremiahs are fond of complaining in season and out of season about the hordes of Federal employes the Government has added to its payroll. The Civil Service Commission reported on July 20 that civilian employment by the Government had risen to 3,029,000 persons. But there is no sense getting high blood-pressure about it. In May only nine per cent of these employes were working in metropolitan Washington. Eighty per cent of the remainder were in the War, Navy and Postoffice Departments. Many of those working for the Army and Navy were engaged in shipbuilding and other essential industries. The next time you hear groans about the mobs of Federal employes, remember that your postman is among them. Excess baggage on the Federal payroll is probably under five per cent.

Tommy-Talkies. Dean Virginia C. Gildersleeve of Barnard College, now visiting England, is impressed by the discussion groups the British Army has arranged for its citizen-soldiers. In every unit an officer is made responsible for arranging lectures, classes and discussions. The Army Bureau of Current Affairs supplies bulletins with topics for study and debate, but the men are perfectly free to ignore these official helps. What is required is that the soldiers spend one hour each week considering domestic or international issues. Miss Barbara Ward in her article in *Foreign Affairs*, condensed in *Life*, stresses the role of these meetings in giving shape to what she calls a "radical" public opinion among the youth of Britain. They are not revolutionary in an anarchical sense; but they want modern problems tackled at their roots. The youth

movements that sprang up after the last war were inspired by the feeling that the young men who have to fight and die for their country in wars should have more to say about the kind of society they think worth fighting for. If the soldiers, while in service, acquire a better understanding of the complex problems facing their countries, they will return to civilian life less susceptible to political quackery. They will, however, want their governments to meet social problems head-on, with courage and imagination and intelligence. A body of 10,000,000 men (and women) in America, aged 20-40, with this course in adult education behind them, might well be a social asset. Much would depend on the direction given by those in charge. But, even with poor direction, the discussions would be a safety-valve for pent-up convictions. The British seem to have given a new turn to the democratic way to wage war by innovating these "Tommy-talkies."

Poland and Russia. Prime Minister Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, Sikorski's successor as head of the Polish Government-in-Exile, wants to pursue a Good Neighbor policy towards Soviet Russia. But just for old time's sake, he declared in his first interview that he would like to see a strong federation of nations in central and eastern Europe after the war. Stalin, of course, wants no such thing. Benes of Czechoslovakia, a country which would be expected to join this federation, has steadily turned a cold shoulder to the Polish proposal, in order to keep on the right side of Russia. When we call attention to the hopefulness of the Popes for a peaceful settlement of the world's political tit-tats, we are not closing our eyes to the ingrained animosities and conflicting ambitions that will make such a settlement frightfully hard to achieve. They may try the patience of Job, but they are capable of being ironed out. Every country will have to give in somewhere along the line.

Religion in British Education. The President of the Board of Education, R. A. Butler, announced to the House of Commons that the Government has an ambitious plan for stepping up the national educational system of Britain. The program calls for 60,000 more teachers, an enormous increase. Education will be made compulsory to the age of sixteen, elementary schools everywhere will be brought up to standard, a system of vocational schools will be provided, and university education will be put within the reach of all who can profit by it. On the physical side, much more attention will be given to children's health through medical care, food and adequate clothing. On the spiritual side, more emphasis will be placed on religion. In itself, this is all to the good. But readers of AMERICA will recall the article by Mr. de la Bedoyere, Editor of *The Catholic Herald* of London, which appeared in these pages March 6, 1942. He set forth plainly the mortal blow that would fall on Catholic education from the Government's plan. The Government wants to bring children of all denominations into the State schools, with provision for religious in-

struction agreeable to each group. This system would leave no room for integral Catholic education. We hope that full-fledged religious freedom will not be sabotaged in Britain by a program that would put the rollers under the whole Catholic educational system.

London Press Flurry. The *London News Chronicle* published an article on July 16 by a columnist complaining about the behavior of American troops in Britain, citing Worcester and Peterborough as the scenes of unbecoming conduct. The next day *The Daily Express* let its companion newspaper have it for publishing the "false" report, and itself praised the manners of American troops. The "law of normal distribution" works everywhere, and wherever large numbers of people of any nationality come together you will find some who are congenitally boorish, some who are thoughtless, some who are just having a bad day, and some who would have done better to drink pop. American troops *know* that the good old U.S.A. is the greatest country on earth, and is moreover (as everybody knows) winning the war. British troops *know* that you can't improve on that "jewel set in the sea," and that (as everybody knows) *Britain* is winning the war. Adam blamed it all on Eve, and we've been slap-sticking it ever since. But common sense is just common enough in human relationships to see us through "by the skin of our teeth." Of course, the more grown-up we can be about it all, the better. Life would be terrible if we ever gave up trying to be reasonable, wouldn't it?

Port (not Los) Angeles. No one who knows Port Angeles and the Port Angelese will be surprised at the nonchalance with which one of their divers went down to pick up Mrs. Roosevelt's handbag from the bottom of the harbor. Port Angeles has taken more than that in its stride. A city which some seventy years ago presented the Federal Government with an act of secession and got away with it, and which founded an economic system independent of the gold standard, can look history in the eye without blinking. President Lincoln had set aside a site for a Federal city on the shores of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, looking across at Vancouver Island. The settlers found themselves increasingly pinched between this fine, empty townsite and the shore; so one day they moved in bodily and took over. After a while the Government which had refused to let the Confederacy withdraw from its authority decided to bow to the *fait accompli* of the Port Angelese. Port Angeles currency seems to have depended greatly on one twenty-dollar bill, the only one of its kind in the community. Some passing Federal officer declared it to be counterfeit; but the Angelese were not the men to waste valuable time in arid academic discussions about the place where the bill had been printed or the amount of the Government's gold holdings. Theirs was a currency of the people, by the people, for the people. Today Port Angeles stands guard over one of our Western gateways, keeping out the enemies who would destroy its independence.

UNDERSCORINGS

TOURISTS may still see the Dionne Quintuplets playing on the grounds of their nursery, according to the N.C.W.C. *News Service*, but all scheduled appearances have been canceled. Their parents and guardians believe that it is no longer fair to the "Quints" to be thus put before the public.

► London reports that the British Broadcasting Corporation gives time to thirty-seven religious broadcasts each week. A genuine attempt is being made to offer religion its proper place in national and foreign short-wave broadcasting.

► An editorial in the important Stockholm *Tidningen* voices approval of the proposal that Sweden send a diplomatic representative to the Vatican.

► From Lisbon comes news that the Nazis have placed in every Alsatian home a free copy of the anti-Christian pamphlet, *Guide for Germans in Search of a God*. The tract describes Christianity as "purely oriental" because "it issued from Jewish thought and was spread by Jews, and is foreign to us in its customs and in its formal opposition to our Nordic ideas about the world": that, in brief, "Christianity is degenerated Judaism."

► *Religious News Service* cables from London that the Rector of the University of Louvain, Monsignor Van Wayenbergh, has been arrested by the Nazis on charges of hostility toward National Socialism, and of encouraging resistance by students to compulsory labor decrees. At the same time the Vatican Radio directed a eulogy to the Belgian clergy for their strenuous defense of the natural rights of citizens in the face of oppression.

► Rumanian Orthodox Church missionaries are said to be conducting intensive mission activities in that part of the Ukraine which is under their occupation. On the other hand, the situation of Roman Catholics of Ukrainian nationality in Volhynia and Malapolska is said to have been made extremely difficult because of a refusal to permit the Uniate clergy to officiate in these regions.

► Bishop Miguel d'Andrea, Auxiliary Bishop of Buenos Aires, well remembered in this country for his visit to the Inter-American Seminar of Social Studies last September, and a prelate highly devoted to the poor and the workingman, is said in press dispatches to be one of three personal advisors of the Argentinian President Ramirez.

► Two of the four Chaplains who parachuted with the American troopers in the first invasion of Sicily were Catholic priests. Said Father (Lieutenant) Edwin J. Kozak, O.M.C., one of them: "If they can't come to us, we just go to them."

► An unpretentious little pamphlet, *Admonitions Concerning Marriage*, has just issued from the Mark Publishing Company of Cleveland. It is directed to working girls contemplating marriage. Of equal value is *A Call to Battle for Christ and Souls*, an account of the Home Missioners of America, whose center is in Glendale, Ohio.

► Meeting in Cleveland, the Catholic Daughters of America resolved, among other things, against racism as "a true form of apostasy . . . the doctrine which is contrary to the faith of Christ."

THE NATION AT WAR

THE week ending July 19 has seen progress in the invasion of Sicily. The British advancing up the east coast have taken Siracusa and Augusta, and at date of writing are just entering Catania. These coast cities had been shelled by the Navy, and the defenders forced out of them.

In the American sector, the advance was inland, where aid from the Navy's guns could no longer be had. Sicily has few villages, but many cities. These are of stone, and make good defensive positions. The villages disappeared centuries ago, before other invasions, the people gathering together in cities which they could defend. The regular Italian troops, with some Germans, are fighting hard.

The fall of Enna on the 21st unhinged the whole interior line of Sicilian defense, and soon the Americans were reported at the gates of Marsala and Palermo, while another column reached San Stefano. Wheeling eastward with the Canadians, they began to outflank Catania.

In Russia, a great battle has been fought around the Russian-held city of Kursk. Commencing on July 5, the Germans attacked south of that city, from Belgorod, ninety miles away. A furious tank battle followed and lasted until the 16th. The Germans got only one-third of the way to Kursk. The Russians lost very heavily in men, tanks and matériel.

In the meantime, on July 11, the Russians initiated an attack of their own around the German-held salient of Orel, adjacent to and north of Kursk. The Russians have long wanted to capture Orel, and have several times unsuccessfully tried to do so. In this new attack, they have got about half way to Orel. To save this place, the Germans seem to have been forced to take troops from the Kursk battle.

New Allied operations started in the South Pacific on June 30. In New Guinea, we secretly landed troops in Nassau Bay, who later joined with others in an advance against Salamaua, a main Jap base. At the same time we occupied the Trobriand and Woodlark Islands, where there were no Japs. These islands are 120 miles off New Guinea in the direction of Rabaul, where there is a strong Jap force. Presumably we shall build air fields on the newly taken areas, to better attack Rabaul later.

In the Solomons, also on June 30, we occupied Rendova Island, 180 miles from Guadalcanal, and only six miles from the Jap base of Munda, on New Georgia Island. Then we crossed a strait, and landed on New Georgia, both north and south of Munda. Up to then there had been little resistance, but since there has been much resistance, and our advance is slow.

Naval engagements occurred in Kula Bay, just north from Munda, on the nights following July 5 and 12. According to our accounts, the Japanese lost thirteen cruisers and destroyers, while we lost only one cruiser and one destroyer. Then, on the night following July 17, our air force caught the Jap navy once again in Kula Bay, and sank three warships.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

THE national conventions to nominate Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates for the 1944 campaign are still nearly a year away and yet, war and a Congressional recess notwithstanding, virtually every important Washington happening already is being weighed for its possible political effect on next year's contest. This is particularly so of the controversy between Vice President Wallace and Secretary of Commerce Jones, now resolved by President Roosevelt with a plague on both their houses.

Perhaps the most arresting bit of political speculation to come out of this affair is not that which says Mr. Wallace's political requiem has been sung, but that which questions whether the 1943 Franklin Roosevelt is as noble a New Dealer as he should be. For the 100-per-cent New Dealers believe they have suffered a stinging and undeserved fate in Mr. Wallace's removal as chairman of the important Board of Economic Warfare.

Hence, so some of them profess, they are looking for a new place to go and—heresy of heresies a short time ago—even talk of a possible alliance with Wendell L. Willkie. Mr. Willkie's progressive tenets, some are saying, may today be preferable to those of Mr. Roosevelt. F.D.R. they see, not as the man who held high the torch of social reform a decade ago, but as the wartime President who has become an ally of the Big Interests.

That Mr. Roosevelt will be a fourth-term candidate is taken for granted by nearly everyone; the only talk is of his running mate. Speaker Rayburn and James F. Byrnes, director of the Office of War Mobilization, are the top second-place names today. Of the two, Mr. Rayburn, with nationally vocal Texas in support, would seem to have more political steam behind him.

On the Republican side, Ohio's Governor John W. Bricker, the strong, silent man who was put forward months ago as the party's great hope, has recently been rather more silent than strong. He has been sitting back coyly, saying little, and it could be that a more politically adult America, keenly aware of national issues, favors frank speaking rather than shadow-boxing, even though it be part of some grand strategy to emerge later.

Many here believe that Senator Taft, rather than Mr. Bricker, may be a strong candidate, and that while neither he nor Governor Dewey is now a professed candidate, the race eventually may be between them. Most organization politicians are saying Mr. Willkie could not again storm a national convention, but with some it is a hope rather than a conviction.

Much more will be heard of Gen. Douglas MacArthur as the man for the G.O.P. nomination. Here, too, the politicians favoring him are trying to play a waiting game, keeping the wraps on any drive. But they say he is the only man with a chance to beat Mr. Roosevelt, and they believe they can develop a strategy to counter a possible contention that a soldier's first duty is in the field.

CHARLES LUCEY

WOMEN IN WAR JOBS: A SOCIAL EVALUATION

RUTH REED

THE need for women workers has increased rapidly since this nation undertook the work of rearmament. The War Manpower Commission has planned widespread local enrolment campaigns for the volunteer mobilization of American womanpower for war employment this year. Early in 1943 it was estimated that between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 more women than are currently employed would be needed in war industries and in civilian trades before the end of the year.

These new women workers must be recruited from the ranks of those not previously employed outside their own homes. There are 52,000,000 adult women in our population, and less than one-third of them were in the labor force in April, 1942. Those not gainfully employed are regarded as a great reservoir of potential women workers, and it seems apparent that this source will be drawn upon to a greater and greater extent as time goes on. It is obvious, even to the casual observer, that many women not now employed would be able to work if the necessity should arise, and that they would choose to do so if the need for them in the nation's war effort should become urgent. In no other nation in the world do women occupy so high and so favored a position as they occupy in American life. Those American women who are no longer needed at home will not hesitate to respond when their services are required in other forms of employment. Married women who have no children, widows, women whose children are no longer young or in need of care, unmarried women, and others whose work in the home can be performed by other adult women of the family have already sought employment in large numbers.

MOTHERS WITH YOUNG CHILDREN

Unfortunately, married women with children under sixteen years of age have also responded to industry's call for workers. We do not know exactly how many married women with young children are now working, for the number is increasing from day to day. But it is clear that married women with young children constitute only a small minority of the total number of women workers, although the amount of public discussion which their employment has provoked has centered the general interest and attention upon them.

The reasons why mothers with young children choose to work outside the home are various. Some women see no other way of meeting the financial

responsibilities which wartime conditions have imposed upon them. Many women who have endured lean years and cramped resources during depression years are now seizing the opportunity to earn while good jobs are plentiful. In some areas where war industries are centered, the supply of available women workers has been exhausted, and mothers of young children are being accepted for employment in considerable numbers. Their employment under emergency conditions, when no plans have been made for the care of their children, has caused grave abuses. Children have been left to roam the streets without care or supervision while their parents worked. Small children have been locked at home for long hours without food or attention, and in danger from accident or fire. In some localities children have been locked in cars outside of shops and factories where their parents were at work, and the press and radio have not hesitated to arouse public concern for their plight.

SOCIAL WASTAGE

It is generally recognized that the employment of mothers with young children is socially wasteful. Juvenile delinquency increases when mothers are employed outside the home, for the hazards to both spiritual and physical health are increased. While there are some exceptions, it is generally true that mothers of young children labor under special handicaps which lower their efficiency and their value as industrial workers. A woman with young children is more likely than not to have two jobs to do, her factory job and her home-making job. Her consciousness that she is neglecting her home job prevents her from becoming an efficient factory worker; she stays away from work and is guilty of "absenteeism"; or she goes to the factory so tired from the attempt to do a one-arm job of home-making in her spare time that she has little energy left to give to her industrial work.

Many efforts have been made to discourage the industrial employment of mothers of young children. The War Manpower Commission has issued directives which point out that the first responsibility of women with children "in war as in peace" is to give suitable care to the children in their own homes; members of the staff of the Children's Bureau have re-emphasized the position which they have maintained on this point for several decades; and observers have pointed out that the British experience has proved that the full-time employ-

ment of mothers of young children is poor economy. One visitor from England remarked: "When women with children are employed full time there is an inevitable amount of absenteeism, an increase in truancy leading to juvenile delinquency, and a lowering of the health of mothers."

But some mothers of young children have chosen to work, and efforts have been made to provide care for their children. Such care is socially expensive. If the employed mother should be charged with the full burden of its cost, it is obvious that she would not be able to meet it from her earnings. For many of the women, both professional and volunteer, who have been recruited to provide care for the children of the working mother, possess skills and strength and personal resources which would obviously be of greater value to the war effort than those which the working mother can provide. But no authority has seen fit to question the right of the mother to decide for herself whether or not she will work, nor has any agency or group of agencies offered her inducements which have been effective in keeping her at home. It is not yet clear whether a selective use of woman-power can be made which will give due regard to present-day requirements of war-time industry and at the same time conserve the basic values of our civilized life, but the effort to do so will test our social ingenuity.

CARE OF CHILDREN

The form of care which has been provided for children of working mothers has varied. The War Manpower Commission has expressed the view that the community, rather than any employer or group of employers, should assume the responsibility for providing care for these children. Some industries have added to the members of their personnel staff professionally trained women whose work it is to counsel women workers concerning their personal and domestic problems, and to provide assistance in making arrangements for the day care of children, when this is necessary. Factory shifts and routines take account of the special responsibilities of the working mother, in an effort to lighten her burdens and increase her efficiency. Day-care centers have been provided by community agencies in some areas; a program of boarding-home care has been set up in a few war-industry centers; and in some centers the schools have assumed a larger share of responsibility for the care of children than is customary. Group care for children of school age has been provided by lengthening the period during which children may use the schools, by extending school services, and by providing additional supervision. Home-maker services have been provided by some social agencies, in order that children may remain in their accustomed surroundings; and other community services, such as home nursing and health agencies, have been utilized. It should be emphasized, however, that when the mother is absent from the home, various other women, both professionally trained and volunteers in child care, must provide services, and that the sum total of their efforts is at best a poor substitute for the work of the absent home-maker.

PROTECTING WOMEN WORKERS

Women who work in industry have need of special protective measures. Particularly is this true when they are employed at tasks which were formerly performed by men. Women have less lifting strength than men; they tire more easily; they lose more time from employment because of illness. Employers have had to make adjustments in machines and in the organization of work in order to fit men's jobs to the capacity of women workers. Rest periods and rest-rooms have had to be provided; special measures have had to be taken for the prevention of accidents; housing and transportation problems have had to be dealt with.

When women leave their homes to work for the first time, or when they work in unaccustomed pursuits, the social and cultural pattern of which their employment has been a part is disrupted. Their customary safeguards are broken, too, and they may find themselves in a new and undefined position which presents special hazards of health and adjustment. Undoubtedly this fact has deterred many women from seeking work outside the home, even when their home duties were slight or virtually non-existent. But, in times of national crisis, women override their fears and hesitations in order to perform work which they regard as necessary to the national welfare. For past experience has taught us that, while an uncharted field of employment may present special hazards for women, these difficulties can usually be overcome by charting the field. If women are seen to lack necessary protection in any field of employment, the answer to that lack of protection is to provide the protection. Such measures in the past have included minimum-wage legislation, regulations of hours and conditions of work, prevention of night work for women, and many other measures designed for the protection of women in their efforts to earn a living for themselves and to provide for their dependents. Constructive social action should extend to the building up of new patterns of protection suitable to the areas in which women must work.

For the belief that all women can remain in the security and leisure of a protected home environment is a genteel middle-class assumption which has never applied to the masses of women. Women in working-class families who have no young children have always applied some of their efforts directly to earning a living, whether at home or in outside employment, and society has had to extend its protection to them in whatever areas they have been obliged to work for a living.

DISCRIMINATION

It is important that women who are employed be paid fair wages. Wages should be based on occupation, not on sex. A lower standard of pay for women who are performing the same work as men constitutes a threat not only to the morale of women workers but also to the men who fear displacement by women workers and a general lowering of standards of pay. Wage discrimination against women still exists in some areas, however, despite

the endorsement of the equal-pay policy by the National War Labor Board in several of its decisions.

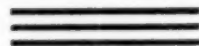
Some groups of women find it more difficult to secure employment in industry than do others. Older women, particularly women over fifty, are often discriminated against. Employers, on the whole, seem to prefer younger women who learn more quickly and who are more adaptable to working conditions. It has been pointed out, however, that older women are less likely to have family responsibilities which make for absenteeism, and that the special problems which they present in their employment can be overcome by skilled personnel services.

Negro women are also discriminated against in some types of employment. Negro women lack industrial experience, and this fact militates against them in some situations where skill and experience are required. However, in other situations there is obviously discrimination against them on the basis of race, and they are prevented from obtaining the industrial experience which is required for some of the more skilled tasks. There is no sound reason why Negro women should not take industrial jobs on exactly the same basis as other women. If discriminations based on age and race were removed, it would become less necessary to recruit mothers of young children for industrial employment.

Women are less mobile than men in the labor market. They are less able and less willing than men to move to industrial centers where opportunities for employment are greatest. Particularly is this true of married women. Consequently there may be a shortage of woman labor in one locality, while in another locality there is considerable unemployment. It is usually considered to be undesirable even for single women to leave their homes to seek work in industrial centers because of inadequate housing facilities and generally overcrowded conditions. It is for this reason that housewives and mothers of young children are recruited in some localities, while unattached women in other localities are unable to find employment. The development of war industries has outdistanced housing developments in the same areas, and every effort has been made to draw upon local labor resources rather than to bring in workers from the outside. In some localities, however, additional workers have been recruited, and large numbers of unattached young women have been brought in. The need of housing and recreational facilities for these young women has become acute, and in some areas conditions of living and working have been hazardous to health and morale. The United Service Organizations and other social agencies, both public and private, have labored valiantly, however, and much improvement has resulted. Social displacements of this nature are an inevitable accompaniment of war under present-day industrial conditions. Socially-minded citizens who are concerned for national welfare will endeavor to do what they can to assist those whose work it is to improve living and working conditions for employed women in the war emergency.

WOMEN IN UNIFORM: WORK OF THE WACS

CAPTAIN LOUISE EDNA GOEDEN



WOMEN in uniform—women taking over Army jobs so men may march off to combat duty—women drilling with a precision and earnestness that bring tears to the eyes of the onlookers—women saluting, briskly, efficiently, but with a smile on their lips—women standing proudly in formation on the parade ground and at retreat: Uncle Sam's Women's Army Corps.

For many it is a new and interesting experience to see women in uniform. I doubt whether it should seem so strange to Catholics, who are reared in the tradition of uniformed women serving not alone God but their country in schools and institutions and hospitals, and even on battlefields, in their missions of mercy.

If "to labor is to pray," as a famous motto goes, then the Wac prays much. For her hours are long, her tasks interesting but often arduous, and there are times when she may be called to work the full twenty-four hours.

The Wac lives an ordered life, too, following a rigid schedule. She rises between five-thirty and six in the morning, to stand reveille as the flag is raised over the Post and a new day of work commences. From here she marches to mess-hall.

Afterwards, she has a short time in which to make her bed in "GI" fashion—so tight that the sheet snaps back when pulled, and so smooth that not a wrinkle mars the blanket used as cover—to dust and mop and put in order her possessions and clothing. An inspection of quarters is made at least once and sometimes twice daily, and the barracks must always be in order.

Woe to the woman soldier whose shoes are not in a straight line, with laces neatly tucked in, whose wall-locker has dust on the top or the shelves, whose clothes are not properly labeled or in the right order. A "gig" list (Army term for demerit) is posted, and a woman whose name appears thereon may find herself scrubbing floors or washing windows as extra fatigue duty, or being restricted to the Post for a week or longer.

After this period of "policing" is over, the women go to their jobs, if they have been assigned; or, if they are still in training, they go to classes which teach them the customs, courtesies and regulations governing military life, how to care for themselves and government property, and how to march.

Classes or jobs last till five or later. Often, during training, there are evening classes or study periods. "Lights out" comes at 9:30, and "bed check"—the time when all women must be in bed—at 10:45 P. M.

Saturday nights and Sundays, if the woman is not on duty, she may stay out later and spend her

time off in recreation. Both at that time, and on weekday nights, the Service club on the Post provides entertainment and a supervised place for recreation. These clubs sponsor dances; provide games such as pingpong, darts and checkers; they have libraries and lounges where women may relax and meet their friends. Local USO's also offer facilities for the Wacs' use; as do churches and clubs of nearby towns.

Uncle Sam believes in taking care of his women soldiers. Though they, too, live a community life—which is itself a protection—a check is kept upon their activities. Besides the roll call at morning and retreat at night, a bed check is taken, as has been mentioned before. Women who are not in their bunks at that time must make a report, stating the reason for their absence. Punishment may be confinement to quarters or to the Post for a specified time, or extra fatigue duty.

In addition, whenever a Wac leaves the Post, she must sign out, stating where she is going, when she is going, and when she expects to return. Upon her return, she must indicate the time she comes in. Women on leave or furlough must do the same.

It is interesting to note, too, that the first feminine AEF in American history, which landed in North Africa in January of this year, has been quartered in a convent near Allied Headquarters, where the women are on duty. Those ancient walls must have been interested in the new uniforms which were mingled with the nuns' robes of a much older tradition!

A question which has been raised in connection with the Wacs is what the effect of this military training and discipline will be on the women in the service. The physical side is apparent from a glance at the upright carriage and clear complexion of the Wacs. Regular hours for meals as well as for sleep account in part for this health. The appetizing food, prepared with a careful eye to balanced diet, is another factor. And then the women have exercise both in their physical training course and in drill. Many of their jobs include outdoor work, too.

Another important asset which women in the service are receiving is training in a job which will fit them for some new occupation when the war is over. The fields in which the Wacs are working today are a constant source of interest and amazement to people not aware of the job being done by the women's Army.

In communications, for instance, Wacs are being trained at three schools as expert radio operators and repairers. Assignment to these institutions is based on results of Army aptitude tests, as well as previous experience. Wacs are also operating teletype and telegraph machines, and working on telephone switchboards.

The field of photography is another in which women are gaining experience which is sure to prove useful in after-war employment. At the photography school at Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado, they learn to repair and operate cameras, develop negatives, and develop and print pictures.

Wacs are learning interesting new occupations, such as those of blueprint and photostat operator

and cryptanalysis (to decode and decipher code messages and cryptograms without the aid of the key or device used in preparing them). Cartography is another unusual job. This consists in performing various drafting jobs in connection with computing, drawing and copying of maps of roads, cities and other areas of military importance. Other fields of work include meteorology, weather observing and forecasting, and fingerprinting. Of course, there is also the additional training in various types of clerical work, such as that of auditor, cashier, stenographer, statistical clerk, etc.

Naturally, the bakers-and-cooks school teaches women not only how to cook, but how to do that job so as to obtain the maximum in food values with the minimum of strain.

Physical and occupational development is not the only result of this women's army training, either. The effect on the members who live in barracks and are held to strict discipline is also worthy of consideration. Living a community life, as they do, they learn tolerance and greater understanding of the rights of others. Questions such as how much air and light should be admitted into the room; how soon silence should be observed after "Lights Out," and others, require consideration, not of personal preferences, but of the desires of the majority.

Of course, the main effect of Army training is discipline—both mental and physical. The first thing the soldier—both man and woman—learns is respect for authority, obedience to commands. Through such means as daily drill, which inculcates the principle of instant response to orders (a necessity for swift and safe movement of large masses of people), women learn to say "Yes, ma'am," or "Yes, sir," and do the job assigned.

Wacs learn the necessity for promptness, too. A company will not wait because one member is slow about combing her hair or powdering her nose. Instead, she will hear her name called out as absent, and find a "gig" against her name, and the women in her squad and platoon will be righteously angered at her for marring their good record.

This feeling of teamwork and pride in the unit is one which has answered early theories that women would not be able to work together. It accounts in some measure for the good job the women have done wherever they were sent. For they are doing a good job. Proof is the fact that commanding officers at whatever Post they are sent write in for more women to take the place of men. It proves, too, that Wacs have learned to work with exactness and attention to details.

For those who have wondered about the religious life of the Wac, reassurance is given in remarks made by Chaplains of all religious denominations. Women go to church more often: their devotion increases after entrance to the Corps. The need of spiritual values in the world today is something that becomes more obvious as one gets closer to the actual war. This the Wacs have discovered.

The final effect of all this should be found not alone in better disciplined and more mentally alert women, but, as one Army Chaplain who worked

with the Wacs has said, "After the war, when these women return to civilian life to establish homes and rear families, they will naturally transmit much of this religion, respect for authority, discipline, scrupulous regard for promptness and exactness and execution of detail to their children. Surely this will make for a much better disciplined generation."

LONG, LONG, TRAIL OF TRAILERS

HELEN WALKER HOMAN

IT goes a-winding, this long, long trail of trailers—not, alas, into the land of our dreams—but into a land of stark realities where a darkening horizon threatens one of the very fundamentals of American society, the home—its security, its religious, ethical and cultural foundations.

Not long ago I visited such a string of trailers on the outskirts of a town whose booming aircraft industry has drawn workers from the length and breadth of America and, while making my way through the litter and mud which served for an avenue, I glimpsed one bright spot in an otherwise sordid and gloomy picture. The "spot" was seated on the steps of one of the trailers—and was nothing more nor less than a little blonde Girl Scout, in her trim green uniform with gay, sun-colored scarf. She was, I discovered, all of eleven years old. Her actual home was 1,500 miles distant, in a pleasant little town where her troop of Scouts met regularly, and had a wonderful time with their leader—on dull days, perhaps learning to sew or to cook; and on bright days, off on hikes to fathom the mysteries of forests and flowers. But the spot's father had been called to work in the great aircraft plant, and hence all three of them—father, mother and child—are now living in trailer-land.

"Our troop used to meet after school," she was explaining.

After school—and I had just read in the morning paper that 1,800 school children in this particular industrial center had been crowded out of the local schools because of insufficient facilities. (This is far from uncommon in war-production towns where the population has jumped within a few months from 33,000 to 80,000, from 1,178 to 20,000, from 515 to 6,000.)

"Have you joined a Girl Scout troop here?" I asked.

"No. We only arrived yesterday."

"Then why are you wearing the uniform?"

"It makes me feel—somehow safer," she confessed, a little shamefacedly.

Security, as she had known it at home, enveloped in every-day familiarity, had vanished

completely when the trailer had come to a halt, and she suddenly recognized its cramped interior as a lamentable substitute for "home"; and the string of other mud-stained trailers, inhabited by strangers, as a fantastic makeshift for a beloved, familiar neighborhood.

Her mother and father, though not, as the child, resorting to a symbol to still the pangs of strangeness, discomfort and loneliness in their new surroundings, feel them just as intensely; nor, being adult, will they adjust to them as rapidly. They are people who have always known the solid, middle-class refinements of living, a certain orderliness of life, and normal association with their own kind, in normal surroundings.

There are not many women in the country who know as much about this long, long trail of trailers as does Miss Anne Sarachon Hooley, assistant director of the National Catholic Community Service, in special charge of its Women's Division. Wives, sisters, sweethearts, mothers of military, women in the armed forces, women war-production workers, and adolescent girls living in a military environment—it is primarily for these that the Women's Division of N.C.C.S. functions. It should be borne in mind that while the United Service Organizations—that group of six social agencies (Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., Salvation Army, N.C.C.S., Jewish Welfare Board, and Travelers' Aid) which coalesced to meet the war emergency, was primarily destined to "serve the service man," it was also requested by the United States Government to concern itself with the war-production worker in centers where housing and other social problems might arise as a result of overcrowding.

Curious about the thousands of families which have forsaken a comfortable fireside for the interior of a trailer, I went to Miss Hooley and told her about the Girl Scout.

"Such families are cheerfully undergoing hardships and making sacrifices that seem all the more heroic because they are so little recognized," said Miss Hooley. "The glory of our soldier-boys eclipses somewhat the patriotic spirit of our industrial workers. But we are trying to make trailer-land more attractive for them."

Our Women's Division directors are helping families to plant gardens around the trailers (she explained), so that fresh flowers may brighten the interior, and fresh vegetables enrich their tables. In many trailer communities, we have assisted in the creation of a playground for the children. In one such locality, a tired father, a worker in a munitions plant, was unable to sleep on Sunday mornings because the children had no place to play except underneath his window. When our director learned of this—and that all the other fathers were in a similar plight—she set about the creation of a playground at some distance from the trailer site. Arrangements were made to borrow the land and to have it cleared, the families themselves doing most of the work. Now, on Sunday mornings, all the fathers can get their rest undisturbed while the children play.

"The threat to American family life which the war has brought must be constantly kept in mind," said Miss Hooley. "If we are to survive as a Christian nation, the family unit must be preserved. Our

efforts are bent toward helping these uprooted families adjust themselves."

"But what about the women workers who don't live in trailers?" I inquired. "The single women, without families?"

It is also toward these that a very large part of our work is directed [replied Miss Hooley]. Perhaps your little Girl Scout has a big sister who is facing an even more difficult situation than she. Let us say that she is twenty, and has found a job in Florida, in a ship-building concern. While she is not living in a trailer, she has not been able, in the congested city, to find a room. The best she has been able to secure is the partial rental of a bed. Another girl, who also works in the shipyard, occupies it from 6:00 P.M. to 1:00 A.M. When this occupant rises to go on duty with the early morning shift, her fellow worker takes over the bed for what rest is possible in the scant hours that are left before she herself must go to work. Clean linen becomes a problem. The safe bestowal of personal belongings, that hoard of little treasures so necessary to feminine standards, is an impossibility. Privacy, so essential to every human being, is at a premium in the war-production towns. Unfortunately, often enough a debasement of the standard of living leads to a debasement of the standard of morals.

One girl told me not long ago: "It isn't that you mind taking turns at a bed—in war times. But I get so tired after work, standing around, with no place to go, waiting a couple of hours for my turn to come. I was miserable until I found the U.S.O. Club."

The U.S.O. Club—how can what it represents to such a family, and to thousands like them, be told in the brief space of this article? More important, how can the heavy responsibility of the U.S.O., and those who are working to relieve such conditions—the responsibility of Mr. and Mrs. American Citizen upon whom the U.S.O. must depend for volunteer assistance—be measured? It has been estimated that by the end of 1943 there will be some 20,000,000 workers employed in the war-production plants of the United States. 8,000,000 of these will be women.

Our endeavors for the worker are not apart from, but a part of, our efforts for the service-man [continued Miss Hooley]. For instance, there are localities in this country which contain, in the same general neighborhood, a centralization of the military, in camp or airfield, and a centralization of labor in war-production plants. It has been demonstrated that the same U.S.O. Club may successfully service both. A soldier and a worker may sit side by side in the lounge, reading or writing letters. Both may enjoy the radio, or the frequent movies shown in the Clubs. At the dances, soldiers find attractive partners in the young girls who are employed at the war-production plant. Housing, a problem both for the worker and for the soldier whose wife has followed him, is possible of solution by the same U.S.O. room-registry service. The mingling of civilians and military tends to increase the atmosphere striven for by all U.S.O. Clubs—the creation of a "home away from home."

There are now almost 1,800 U.S.O. units in operation. One hundred and fifty-seven of these serve the military and a proportion of workers. Forty-nine serve *only* war-production workers. The balance is devoted solely to Service men.

Adequately to meet the needs of the 1943 quota of 9,000,700 Service men and 20,000,000 war-production workers, U.S.O. Clubs would have to be legion. They are far from that—and this is, per-

haps, the challenge which keeps the N.C.C.S. Club directors at a task charged with inspiration, courage and sacrifice—working sometimes without pause for rest in hours that run the clock around.

The directors of N.C.C.S. Women's Division operations are concerned with the young wife who has left home to follow her soldier-husband into the area in which he is stationed, and who arrives, in an over-crowded community, without assurance of a place to live. Frequently she brings children with her. Recently, such a family came for assistance to a club in a large industrial center on the Gulf of Mexico—soldier-husband, mother and infant—with no place to live.

"Why," asked the director of the husband, "did you bring your wife and child here, not knowing that you could even house them?" The soldier looked upon the young wife holding the bundle of a baby.

"I guess," he said slowly to the director, "that you never loved anyone terribly. I guess you've never missed anybody—never been so lonely at times in a strange town that you felt like cutting your throat. I just *had* to send for them before I went across."

N.C.C.S. is also concerned with the young fiancée of the boy in the nearby camp. Back home, hundreds of miles away, she finally yielded to his written importunities, and has undertaken to join him, to be married when she arrives. No family, no friends, frequently no funds, accompany her. Sometimes she arrives to find that her boy left yesterday for overseas, and she is stranded with no money to return home. If he is still there, it is fairly simple for the U.S.O. to arrange a wedding with due religious form, whether it be Catholic or Methodist that is required. But after the wedding, what? Sometimes, within a week or two, she is left, a war-widow with slender funds, in a strange town, frequently tempted in her loneliness to turn to any source for companionship and a more comfortable living.

Don't forget, either [reminded Miss Hooley], the adolescent girl around fourteen to sixteen years of age, of the war-congested community, caught like the rest of us in the excitement and fervor to "do her part"—but whose very innocence is the measure of her instability, and whose only part, unless we provide suitable recreation and work for her eager hands, is that of victim of the soldier's careless hours. In protecting her, we are likewise protecting our soldiers. For where we permit hazards for women, we create hazards for men. Think of that girl of twenty, working in the Florida shipyard, who has found no place to sleep but in the "part-time" crumpled bed—unwelcome stranger that she is—what safe refuge has she for her leisure hours unless it be the U.S.O. Club? For such as she, we have recently been successful in opening several residence-clubs where she may have a transient or temporary room, and the attention of a "house-mother" until she can find comfortable quarters elsewhere.

N.C.C.S. trains and assigns Catholic women directors to its Women's Division operations, which now number 130 throughout the United States. It sends them forth, east, west, south, north to do "justice to the needy"—to work for "the causes of all the children that pass."

PENTECOSTAL FLAMES IN APPLE JUNCTION

SISTER DOLORICE

EVERY summer, hundreds of Sisters pack their suitcases with medals, "holy" pictures, books and booklets, and set out hopefully to give religious instruction to children in rural sections. The first experience is always an adventure, even when it is less melodramatic than the anticipation. Veterans have pictured for the novices in the work the most astonishing exigencies; sleeping in a barn, carrying water four miles from town, plowing through Dakota clay after four inches of rain and, finally, helping to kill and dress eighty chickens for the Vacation School Annual Picnic.

These forebodings are no preparation for the actualities that ensued in Apple Junction, scene of Sister Marcia's first experience; and nine months of dealing with children who are as accustomed to Sisters as they are to stripes on a barber pole do not prepare the catechist for the breathless admiration so apparent in rural children's eyes as they line up for enrolment.

One hundred sixty have come, many from farms ten and twelve miles away, and some from the town, which is really more rural than urban. With the unerring wisdom of children, they give their names eagerly, wanting to be personalities right away; their addresses are given much more casually, "Out Linden Way," "Along Cross Lane," as if living in a particular place were less important than being Arnold Brylla, Louella Sass, Rosemary Hudzinski.

Prior to departure, Sister Marcia had been more paralyzed at the thought of the teaching than at the forebodings of discomfort and inconvenience. How, even with the grace of God, was she going to hold forty children, for five hours a day, attentive to one subject?

The grace of God works in various ways. Rural Catechism in Apple Junction was inaugurated on Pentecost. The Introit of the Mass brought to her mind the picture of Peter and the Apostles stirred by the mighty wind of the Holy Spirit going forth as new men to recreate a world for Christ. "The Spirit of the Lord hath filled the whole world." With these words for a keynote, she could hope that the end of the session would find these children saying with the listeners in Jerusalem: "We have heard them speak in our own tongues the wonderful works of God."

The foreboding veterans had talked of the long, hot walk from the church, where the children met for Mass each morning, to the public school, in

which classes were held. They had not prepared her for the disarming confidences that were to give to her experiences at Apple Junction a wonderful flavor. It was on one of these morning walks that Louella, a tow-headed, Hummel-like sprite, with a magnificent grin, announced proudly, "Sister, we got twelve to our house." Anna snapped at the words. "Louella, you ain't got no twelve kids. That counts your Ma and Pa." Then turning to Sister, she added, with a superb sense of triumph, "Sister, we got thirteen kids right at our house, seven boys and six girls." This, obviously, could not be matched by anyone else, but Janet knew that she was, at least, in the running. "Sister, I only got six sisters, but now we're going to get another one, and maybe it'll be a boy, and maybe there'll be lots more, my Ma says."

No wonder Monsignor Ligutti repeats insistently that rural children are the promise of the nation—and of the Church. Margaret Sanger would be championing a lost cause if large families were the proud boast, not only of rural communities, but of the nation as a whole. God grant that Mildred Delp, "the savior of the Okies," never goes to Apple Junction. Louella and Anna would certainly seem like psychiatric cases to her. And what would she seem to them?

Mildred Delp, savior that she is, would be no help to Rural Catechism either. The teaching program which had made Sister Marcia anxious was eased by the spirit of camaraderie prevalent among the children. Only large families have it. Big sister Olive was disgraced when little sister Jean said there were two kinds of grace, mortal and venial. Ninth-grade Tom always had time to chant the Ten Commandments with seven-year-old Joe. When Ellen was awarded a little picture for saying the Our Father without mishap, she could hardly wait to show tenth-grade Joan, and school dragged almost unendurably until it went home with her to dazzle Ma and Pa.

This instinctive desire to share everything was wonderfully illustrated by Matilda. Her group were making Mass booklets, very primitive and not exactly artistic illustrations, intended to emphasize for them the details of the Holy Sacrifice. No one worked more slavishly than Matilda, her crooked teeth, stringy hair, grimy fingers forming a picture that one feared would be reproduced in her handiwork. The class had just been told that they could exhibit their work at an assembly scheduled for the

last session. Matilda asked, a little hesitantly, for more paper; she wanted to make another book. Foreseeing the labor she would expend to make another atrocity, Sister Marcia said, "Matilda, really your book will be very nice to show." "Oh, I know that, Sister," she answered triumphantly, "but I would like to make another one to take home to my Ma so that she will know more about Mass, too."

Sister Marcia found it very satisfying to give instruction on the Mass to these children who had not been exposed to the sad effects of the commercialization of the Mass prevalent in cities. Their appreciation of the liturgy had not been thwarted by the abuses which have become customary in city churches, where, it often happens, High Mass, intended to be well sung by the Celebrant assisted by a trained choir (male voices), is turned into a travesty by an inept organist who plays and sings at the same time. In rural churches, the *Ordo* does not yield to a continuous demand for Requiem Masses, and the children do not have to listen to an ambidextrous organist swinging through the *Dies Irae* with indecent haste and bated breath as if one of the stops were a foghorn and a cutter were chasing the singer to shore.

The quality of Apple Junction was apparent also in the dramatization of Bible stories. For two or three days, Sister had been disheartened by slowly spoken and stiff-legged interpretations of the stories of David and Goliath, Jacob and Esau, Solomon and the mothers. A few words of encouraging direction were all that was necessary to release these children from the defenses inevitably found in groups where creative expression is not accented in school. Very shortly one group was vying with another in an effort to produce live drama.

The boys working with the story of Tobias' journey invented a unique dialog between Tobias and Raphael. The young traveler is lamenting his father's blindness, and Raphael (the Healing of God) comforts and directs him. He tells Tobias to remove the gall from the great fish which has frightened him. Tobias, a stocky, freckle-faced boy with an unexpected lisp, wonders what good this will do. Raphael assures him it is medicine which will remove the white specks which prevent his father from seeing. In typical 1943 fashion, Tobias looks dubious and says: "Well, I'll try it if you say so, but it sounds a bit fishy to me."

Something else at Apple Junction was very heartening to Sister Marcia: the children had the innate sense of values which is natural to children, but which is so often weakened and distorted. The cheap and tawdry entertainment furnished by comic books and "Big Little Books" had not vitiated their taste. After hearing the story of David and Saul in the condensed form of a Bible History, they listened to the Old Testament original. Their preference for the narrative written by the Holy Spirit was almost unanimous. Charles, chief chore-boy on a 320-acre farm, announced authoritatively: "The real thing's got a better ring to it."

Jerry showed the same responsiveness to the

power of Old Testament narrative. They were reading in the First Book of Kings the story of the pledge of friendship between David and Jonathan, and the incident in which Jonathan gives David all his garments made Jerry very eager to say something. When he was invited to speak, he announced: "At our house we are like the Bible too. My brother Tom is going to the Marines and he's giving me all his clothes and everything he's got." He added, a little disappointed: "Only I ain't giving him nothing. He gets everything from the Government."

Before the first week's work was finished, Sister Marcia had a clearer perception of the importance of Vacation Catechism. The responsiveness of these children, their recognition of values, their teachableness gave her a deep understanding of our Lord's words: "Lift up your eyes and see the countries; for they are white already to harvest."

Perhaps because these children are unused to artificial diversion, like movies (there was only one movie house in the town, operating part-time), they do not expect entertainment. Recreation to them does not mean sitting passively at a show; it means creating games which will include everyone and which will last a long time. Both in play and in lessons, it was noticeable that their interest-span was remarkably long. Even the drudgery of drill did not have to be sugar-coated. This was evident in the group preparing to be Mass-servers. They struggled steadfastly every free moment, even relinquishing their recess period to recite the Latin responses, although there were sharp contests going on in the school yard. This was amazing to a teacher used to city-bred children, who are likely to sulk if they have to give up their play period, and who take it for granted that the preparation of Mass-servers is part of the regular school curriculum.

Tommy was a good example of persistent struggle. He found the Latin hard going, but he was determined to conquer. He worked for hours with *Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam*. Finally, in desperation, he asked: "Say, Sister, does it really make any difference how you say these things?" Even Sister's strong affirmative hardly satisfied him. "Sister," he argued, "is there really anybody who knows what you are saying? Seems to me if you just said something like 'Pea soup, pea soup, pea soup' (this he said rhythmically in a low monotone) it would sound just the same." Sister persuaded him that "pea soup" would not do at all, and Tommy left vacation school with his Mass-card under his arm, announcing with determination: "When you come back next year, Sister, I'll know every one of them things you tried to learn me."

For Sister Marcia, Apple Junction is Tommy, Louella, Jerry, Anna, Charles, Matilda, all wonderful works of God. Even if no one learned anything (and this is a contrary-to-fact conditional clause), Sister Marcia can say: "The Spirit breatheth where He will and thou hearest His voice. . . ." In Apple Junction there are Pentecostal flames!

CATHOLICS IN FINLAND

BISHOP C. P. B. COBBEN

IN spite of the raging war, the Catholic Church in Finland has been able to continue her work, even attended as it has been with great difficulties.

During the past year, many Karelians returned to their homes. Others are waiting with burning desire to return as soon as circumstances will permit, for it is easy to understand that many hindrances often lie in the way of these transitions. Nevertheless, even a small number of Faithful require much care, considering that every effort is made to give each individual undivided attention. Much traveling is involved in the work of bringing to each and every soul the consolation of the Sacraments and of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. And, in all this, the great material and spiritual need of the Karelians lies nearest to our hearts.

As soon as the winter was over, the first Holy Mass was celebrated in Viipuri. It was a great hour, not only for the celebrant and the few attendants, but for Catholic Finland as such. With this, the initial step had been taken, but much work had still to be done before God would again take His abode on our altar in the capital of Karelia. Thanks to God, the church building and the rectory were preserved from bomb injuries, but the interior of the church had been converted into a theatre or clubroom. Before the uninvited guests withdrew, they took special care to disturb the interior, thoroughly and fundamentally and the work of renovating and restoring could not be thought of before the property was entirely free of mines. This accomplished, however, the affair proceeded briskly. Working under circumstances bristling with difficulties, and with very inefficient tools, the Pastor of the parish and a Finnish lay-brother, by their untiring efforts made possible the almost impossible.

I was invited to bless the church for Christmas, indeed a happy and beautiful day for the parish of Viipuri. The church was practically filled with Faithful and notables of the city. Before beginning the service of blessing the church, I addressed the following words to those present:

Today is a very important day for the Catholic Parish in Viipuri. God, in His gracious goodness, has preserved the church from destruction. But the enemy having desecrated it by using it for unworthy purposes, we have the joy and happiness of re-blessing it today. This building is very old, dating back most probably to medieval times, and for nearly one hundred and twenty-five years it has been in the service of the Catholic Church. But the Catholic parish of Viipuri is far older. Since the Catholic Middle Ages, prayers have been ascending from this city to the throne of God, begging His blessing upon city and country. Only a very small portion of the Catholic parish is here represented. Many of its members are still scattered about the coun-

try, but today all are united with us in prayer. Let us pray for God's blessing on our parish, on the city that has suffered so much, and on the whole country. And we may be assured that, when the dear Lord restores peace to us, and we have brought the war to a good conclusion, our flock will quickly grow, and this temple will be filled with Faithful.

The deep devotion of those present was very evident, as they listened to these words, and then followed the ceremonies of the blessing and of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Of the three churches in Viipuri that had been spared destruction by bombs, the Catholic church was the first to open its doors to the Faithful. The local newspapers were very sympathetic in their attitude toward this historic achievement. We translate here an extract from one of the local publications, the *Karjala*:

A very soulful and harmonious church celebration took place in Viipuri on Christmas Day. The Catholic church of St. Hyacinth was on this day rededicated to its real purpose. The beautiful medieval structure on Watergate Street was spared destruction, but the interior had been badly defaced and robbed. Now the temple has been restored and renewed.

On Christmas Day, the altar, on which only a few candles burned, was surrounded by green cedars and, in its very simplicity, the church made a very solemn impression. As is custom in the Catholic Church, the crib was standing near the sanctuary. The solemn blessing was performed by the head of the Catholic Church in Finland, His Excellency, Bishop C. Cobben, who was vested in full episcopal ornament. The Bishop led the Litany of All Saints, to which the Pastor responded *ora pro nobis* to implore the help of the Saints for the Faithful. The Bishop made a stately appearance as he left the sanctuary, only to return after a short pause vested with chasuble, miter, cross and crozier, to begin celebration of the High Mass. In a hearty and beautiful Finnish sermon, the Bishop explained the significance of the feast.

Even though the Bishop celebrated quite alone, without servers, without choir (the Pastor was the only singer), and even though the incense was missing, and but a few candles burned, those present on the occasion followed with ardent devotion the impressive sacred ceremonies, which reminded them of the Divine services of the first Christians in Viipuri.

If I may be permitted to append a few words concerning our further activities, I should like to mention the ministrations which our priests rendered the people, often under trying circumstances. Our Army Chaplain visited the soldiers at the front. Individual Catholics were never forgotten.

Our periodicals always find their way into the Diaspora, because we consider it of paramount importance to maintain as all-embracing a contact as possible. Our Finnish prelate is more than ever engaged in writing for the Catholic cause, and is at present occupied in translations of the Missal and the New Testament, and in the compilation of a new catechism. We should be very happy indeed, if it should become financially possible for us to publish the Missal soon.

With profound confidence in Divine Providence, we continue our work, knowing that we are thus rendering a great service to the country and its people. Peace will come, and the sacrifices Finland has brought will not have been in vain.

OPA UNDER FIRE

REPLYING with commendable restraint to the somewhat flamboyant charges of Lou Maxon, Detroit advertising executive and late storm-center of the Office of Price Administration, that OPA had failed "to establish sound comprehensive policies and plans," the Agency's administrator, Prentiss Brown, cited the record as follows:

The record in this war is so much better than in the first war that I marvel at the demands for change. In this period of the first war, food costs had risen slightly above fifty per cent; in this one we are slightly below; on all other fronts the record is better.

Clothing at this time in the last war had risen sixty-four per cent, this one twenty-seven per cent; house furnishings in the last war, fifty-nine per cent; this one twenty-three per cent. Rents have been held. Bread, the staff of life, rose in the forty-fourth month of the first war by fifty-four per cent; in this one eleven per cent.

"What," Mr. Brown wanted to know, in view of these figures, "is the complaint all about?"

On the same day the harassed Price Administrator asked this question, the American Business Congress, an organization of thousands of small businessmen, was answering it in a public letter to the President. The letter to the Chief Executive charged OPA with issuing "unnecessarily complicated regulations," with assuming an irritatingly dogmatic attitude toward its business critics, with failure "to establish an adequate price mechanism, practical and adequate in approach," and a half-dozen other deficiencies and misdemeanors. Significantly, though, it did not charge OPA, as did the disgruntled Mr. Maxon, with Leftist machinations to remake American business according to some Marxian blueprint. On the contrary, the small businessmen declared that certain groups, without any real interest in the welfare of the people, were using the mistakes of OPA to bring about its liquidation. Accordingly, they called upon Mr. Roosevelt to reorganize OPA in the interests of efficiency.

Whether OPA needs a complete overhauling is a moot point. While it has made mistakes, it has never been anything like as incompetent as many of its critics have claimed. The figures testify to that. The fact is that, even if OPA had been staffed from the beginning by the most brilliant and practical men in the country, it would have been the most criticized and the most unpopular of all war agencies. For price controls and rationing are by their nature unpopular and cannot be enforced without stepping on numerous sensitive toes. That has been OPA's chief crime all along—it has stepped on too many toes. It has stepped on the toes of hungry businessmen, commercial farmers, landlords and organized workers, all rushing for the first real money since the Harding-Coolidge era.

Mr. Brown must make up his mind that OPA has a hard job to do and will never be loved. He would do well to listen to sympathetic critics, to root out defects and to mollify Congress. But when all is said and done, it remains his unpopular duty to "hold the line."

EDITOR

AMGOT HAS NO ARGOT

WHEN we—the United States, Canada and Britain—had fought our way into enough of Sicily to indicate the need of a political government, we came upon a new problem. In North Africa we were simply handing back Morocco, Algeria and Tunis to our French friends. But here we had our first piece of Axis land. It was a strictly conquered land. How were we to handle the situation?

The sole example set us in recent decades was the conquering system of Germany and Japan. In the dead of night they had set out, under the mask of peace but with threats and weapons of death, to get their "take" and hold it. Like the underworld they took their slogans from the honest words of plain people. "Living Space," "Ruling Race," covered their loot.

In our warfare we were committed to the Four Freedoms, of religion, of speech, from want, from fear. Under that banner we entered Sicily. News photos from the front show the Sicilian townspeople, as in Comiso, with smiling faces and trusting gestures giving welcome to our soldiers. Nor was the trust misplaced.

We have been true to our word, and in that one expression all is said. The Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory (Amgot for short) at once took shape under General Sir Harold Alexander, with a staff of specially equipped civil assistants, to protect civilian life and welfare. General Alexander *suspended* the power of the Italian Crown for the period of military occupation. He told the people of Sicily that the Allied Nations planned "to deliver the people from the Fascist regime which led them into the war and to restore Italy as a free nation." Civilians will be protected "in the peaceful exercise of their legitimate pursuits." Existing property rights will be fully respected. All present laws will remain in force except those discriminating against personal liberty.

As we move onto the continent of Europe, this pattern will be extended over all conquered regions. It is a pattern of justice and of mercy to the afflicted peoples. In some districts local rivalries will undoubtedly interfere with a rapid return to normal conditions, as they do today in North Africa. But everywhere we shall find outstretched hands, long shackled and terrified, now happy in their final deliverance.

THE FORGOTTEN WOMAN

SPOKE the mother of eleven children, a happy and lively family. "I have no enthusiasm," she said, "for the good old days. Science in the house and kitchen does many daily chores, so I am left free to work for the Church and for my neighbor."

The Church praises the activities of the married woman outside the home, as long as they do not impair fulfillment of her duties at home. But what of the unmarried woman who is not called to the religious life, who devotes herself to religiously or socially beneficial works, not as a side issue, but as a profession? What is the position, in the Church, of the lay woman who has devoted long years in preparation for the higher branches of the professions? For many such a woman this preparation has exacted a heavy toll, depriving her in some cases of the opportunity for matrimony.

Without such women's talents and devotion, the work of the Church in this country could not be carried on. Quite independently of the pressure imposed by the war, our Catholic Action organizations and Catholic charities could not be administered without the expert consecration of the Catholic woman in a professional career. The war has heightened the demands upon women's activities, but the unmarried lay woman in public activity—voluntary or paid—has come to say. She is part of the Church and of the nation. But what part of the Church?

"On Sunday," said another Catholic woman, eminent in her own profession, "I listen to eloquent sermons on the duties of mothers and the dignity of the religious state. But where do I and my life-work come in? I am not unmarried by choice. I am doing the Church's work, bearing her teachings far and wide. Yet I have no status that I can plainly discern. Just what, for instance, is the ideal of personal holiness for which in my particular state of life I should strive? I need a center for my highest thoughts and affections."

Here is a job for our theologians, a chapter in that "Theology of Woman" to which *The Thomist* drew attention a couple of years ago. The growing army of Catholic professional women will welcome the day when their own part will be more clearly defined in the sum corporate of the Church of Christ.

THE BOMBING OF ROME

ROME is a name to conjure with. To the scholar and the humanist, the Roman imprint is deep in our Western civilization. To the Catholic, Rome is the heart of Christendom, the place on earth where dwells the Vicar of Christ Himself. It witnessed the martyrdom of Peter and Paul and of thousands of other Christians known and unknown. Its myriad shrines and monuments are so many roots struck deep in the history of the Church. Both Catholic and non-Catholic felt that Rome belonged to the world, and hoped that destruction might pass by their common heritage.

The whole world is moved by the heart-shaking words of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, expressed in his letter to Cardinal Marchetti-Selvaggiani:

Now what we apprehended has come to pass. That which in our fears we foresaw is a very sad reality. For one of the most famous Roman basilicas, that of San Lorenzo Fuori le Mura . . . is now in very great part destroyed.

In the gravely chosen words of Archbishop Mooney: "No one can fail to be impressed by the elaborate precautions which our military authorities took to avoid damaging what all men of culture hold dear and hundreds of millions of Christians hold sacred."

Special measures were taken to reassure Catholics. But we should not like to think that these arose from any suspicion of a "divided loyalty." As Americans, we Catholics have given and are giving full support to our Government in all just measures for the prosecution of the war. We follow Him who commanded us to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. The Vatican may be the center of our spiritual allegiance—but it is a spiritual allegiance, and would be the same were the Vatican in ruins and the Pope a Chinese living in Peking.

Already, on a previous occasion, the Pontiff had deplored the bombing of open cities as a violation of the "right itself which rules the relations between civilized peoples." Rome had not been declared an open city. But this attack takes on a peculiar poignancy when we recall these efforts of the Holy Father—true and faithful representative of the Prince of Peace—to "humanize" the war and to win respect for the inviolability of non-belligerents and for monuments of religion and culture. In the same letter, the Pope speaks of these efforts, and particularly the representations he had made to save Rome from attack:

All that We put before competent authorities on several occasions in clear terms, recommending to them in the name of human dignity and of Christian civilization the inviolability of Rome. We thought Ourselves justified in hoping . . . (for) a reception by the contending parties of our intervention in favor of Rome. But, alas, this so reasonable hope of Ours has been disappointed.

As Bishop of Rome, as a Roman born and bred, as a cultured man, as Supreme Pastor of the Universal Church and custodian of its relics and treasures, the Pope spoke from a heart full of sorrow

at the irreparable damage which has been done, and may yet be done, to the religious and cultural heritage of the Eternal City. He made no condemnation of the bombing, but voiced his bitter disappointment that neither Rome's history nor his own pleadings had availed to save it from attack.

Certainly, to make a supposition, if Hitler had been at war with Italy, and the destruction had been wrought by Nazi instead of Allied bombs, we can hazard the guess that many a voice would have been lifted in horror which under the present circumstances may be silent.

If we ask ourselves how far his words touch us, we may remember that the Allies made an offer to have Rome made an open city. The offer was refused. The Italian Government thought that the military advantages of Rome's railroad yards and factories were worth risking against the possibility of aerial attack. If they were so important to the Axis, they could hardly be less important to the Allies. To declare Rome an open city would have meant that Mussolini was forgoing military advantages for the sake of religious and cultural values. The same choice was forced upon the Allies by Mussolini's refusal of their offer. President Roosevelt, in his interview of July 23, said that every plea and argument had been used to obtain such a declaration, but still it did not work, though hope was not yet abandoned.

And our decision? The High Command decided—though with all precaution—to risk the religious and cultural values. With Archbishop Mooney of Detroit, one may well feel that the decision can be questioned, not on grounds of strict justice or of military strategy, but of a higher strategy—the winning of men's minds and hearts, as well as physical victory over their armaments. In his statement about the bombing, the Archbishop stresses the "moral risks" of alienating and embittering men's minds; and feels that, once having shown our strength we should not repeat the risk to "the moral idealism that distinguishes and ennobles our cause."

How grave was the necessity that led to the attack on Rome is best known to the High Command. They must be presumed to have given careful thought to the making of their decision. It is not ours to censure that decision, but rather to hope and pray that we may carry our arms to victory without again subjecting the Holy Father and all men of good will to such sorrow as they felt in the attack upon the Eternal City.

It would be a great relief if our Government could give assurance to the Holy Father, at the earliest opportunity, that there will be no repetition of this event; and, as a sign of earnestness and good will, would pledge itself to the rebuilding of the Basilica of San Lorenzo.

Meantime, there is one obvious remedy—to make Rome an open city. If the Italian Government wishes Rome to be immune from attack, it should not use its military advantages. At the moment, the Fascist Government is asking from the Allies a greater respect for its cultural and religious monuments than it is willing to display itself.

PETER IN PRISON

AFTER the eleven hours of merciless inquisition were finished, the Gestapo agents brought the old Pastor back to the Presbytery. It was the last evening in July. "We are sorry," said the SA man, "to have put you to that inconvenience, but it was a checking-up process, and is all over now. We should like to bid you goodbye, but you have suffered quite an experience and, if that experience becomes known, you might be in danger. So, for a couple of days, we shall take you into protective custody."

As the Pastor sat out the first of those weary forty-eight hours in the gloomy detention pen, he commended himself to the soldier-Saint, Ignatius, who had enjoyed some little prison experiences of his own, and he read his Breviary for August 1. He recalled that the pagan Herod, grandson of the Herod who murdered the infant companions of the new-born Saviour, had also taken the first Pope into protective custody. Only, Herod was protecting Peter as a big prize soon to be exhibited to the people.

But while the Pastor was in prison, the Faithful gathered in prayer. Never during those forty-eight hours was the Blessed Sacrament deserted in the parish church, and the nearby Pilgrimage Chapel was thronged with silent worshipers. "So Peter was being kept in the prison, but prayer was being made to God for him by the Church without ceasing" (Acts, xii, 5).

The thoughts of the old Pastor strayed Rome-ward, across the boundaries of the Alps. He thought of Pius IX, Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV, praying, living and dying in the hope, or expectation, of deliverance from the "Roman Captivity." He recalled how, every night, in the stillness of the chapel at Innsbruck Seminary those same words had been recited at evening prayers: "*Petrus quidem servabatur in carcere. Oratio autem flebat. . .*" It seemed as though these prayers would never be heard, yet, for the Popes the years were shortened.

The time came, and Pius XI was liberated, even though the liberation was more one of law and convention than of reality. Soon, upon Pius XI's successor, the prison walls of war closed down. Again today the Church is praying unceasingly. "God will hear those prayers," thought the Pastor; "He is faithful." And His angel will smite the tyrant Hitler, who claims Divine honors, as the angel smote Herod of old (Acts, xii, 25).

Will the shattering power of the Allied armies act as the liberating angel for the successor of Saint Peter, so that once more his voice may be heard by all, and his presence be unconstrained? As Michael Angelo's Moses hears the bombers roar over the ancient church of "Saint Peter in Chains," by chance does he lift his bearded and horn-crowned head to Heaven and beg Jehovah that freedom, not ruin, may come to that venerable city over whose fortunes he has watched these last four hundred years? The answer lies in the prayers of the Church, and all Her members. Without ceasing, let us pray for Peter in prison.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

SAROYAN LAND

LEONARD McCARTHY

THE land of Saroyan is a different land, absolutely. You may enter it if you make the orthodox concessions to the fabulous and the fantastic, which means that you must not be strictly logical or literally realistic. Once there, and under these conditions, it is difficult to see how you can be anything but charmed. For Saroyan land is ground enchanted.

The name of the land is Ithaca and the time is the time of your life and the people are the beautiful people. Don Freeman's illustrations of them are extraordinarily sensitive and, if you study them carefully, you will be well on the way to an understanding of the characters who dwell in the land of Saroyan. They are delightful sketches of normal people, except for one line that is somehow twisted, or for one thing curiously left out, or for one thing overemphasized. And the result of these illustrations is true of the people themselves; they are not human beings as they are, but as they could be, or should be, or may have been in the infrequent and mysterious moments when the angel within them suddenly spoke and the barking dog was silent.

All here is one and true and good and beautiful, but without the intellectual vigor of a metaphysic. If somehow you enter this place as a Philistine, and shout, "Sentimental!" during the conversation of the gentle people, they will all grow dumb and the land will darken, and the sun not give her light. You came as an impostor and one of little understanding; you thought Saroyan land was America, when as a matter of fact, it is a continent bounded on all sides by the imagination.

It is, therefore, not a penetrating travelog on Saroyan land that tells how these people do not exist, that the *Human Comedy* there isn't life. That, in a way, is a subtle blasphemy against literature, not merely an unfair critique of one good writer. For literature is not life. That is the one thing literature is not, whatever it may be. Life is in our own home and on the street and in all the newspapers, and it is significant that the people who live in Ithaca buy the papers only to throw them in the ash-can unread.

The experiences of life are for the most part drab and repetitious and have no strict form, if for the moment we forget the huge design of Divine Providence. The same experience in life and in literature is not the same experience at all: our approach to both is different; our reaction to both is different; different, too, is the form and intensity

of the experience-content. Literature eliminates the unessential from the experiences of life and imparts to them an organic, esthetic form; literature thus shows us what people should be, could be, or have been in their better moments. This is what is continually true of the people who dwell in the land of Saroyan. Their hearts are all in the highlands, chasing the deer and following the roe.

This is a place where the trees are pomegranate and apricot and chinaberry trees, where the people all go out on crazy, wonderful errands. They go out for jelly beans and all the kinds of gum, for two-day-old pies and six panatela cigars, or simply to tell somebody, "be happy, be happy." They go out to give a dollar to a newsboy, a dollar to an old man, a couple of dollars to the Salvation Army band and ask them to play the song that goes "Let the lower lights be burning, send a gleam across the wave." Someone is always being sent out for something; to have a drink at Corbett's, to kick around the old times.

The people themselves are as haunting as the errands they go on. Here live one William Grogan, an old-time telegrapher, one of the last in the world; a poor and burning Arab, who plays the harmonica with deep crying, crying a thousand years ago, some place five thousand miles away; Harry, a soft-shoe dancer, who dances swiftly and quietly all the day long to a mean, melancholy and out-of-this-world piano; Kit Carson, who herds cows on a bicycle, no hands, so he can use his lasso; Willie who plays a slot-machine marble game for hours on end, furiously saluting the little flag that pops up when he wins, shouting, "Oh, what a beautiful country"; Jasper McGregor, the silver-bearded Shakesperian ham, who will gather his spirit together and play a song that will change the course of your life for you on his silver-throated bugle if you but give him an egg, a sausage, two kinds of cheese or any other good things to eat. Here are longshoremen and poets and cops and two of the most delightful children in the whole world, one whose name is Ulysses, the other whose name is Aram.

It is not strange, therefore, that the language these people talk is like no other. It is part rhetoric, part poetry, part bad rhetoric, part pseudo-poetry, part drivel and part Armenian idiom. But out of this conglomeration, Saroyan, more often than not, coins a speech original, dreamy and vigorous. The speech of the three soldiers in the *Human Comedy* is thus, so is Spangler's speech to Homer on the courthouse bench in Ithaca; so is all the dialog in *My Name Is Aram*. The dialog in his plays is as good as any, with the possible exception of Odets', in that he gets a totally new lyric effect from the brilliant combination of folk speech and slang.

Much can be forgiven a writer who, though lack-

ing structure, at the same time brings to our literature a new kind of speech with a new kind of discipline to it. But Saroyan's structure is still poor. In the *Human Comedy*, merely because some of the characters return again to be recognized before the book ends, and do not disappear never to return again as they do in his plays, it does not follow that he has mastered the complex structure of a good novel. Nevertheless, by the strangeness of his characters and the oddity and beauty of their talk, together with the universality of his theme and emotion, he succeeds in giving us the great illusion, which, in literature, is all that matters.

But the structure of Saroyan's thought is another thing again. It is erratic, dank and philosophically not sound. It is sheer humanitarianism which, in this case, is the same as sheer sentimentalism. Nevertheless, it is to Saroyan's credit that though his thought is weak and certainly not valid to live by, by the force of his creative gift he almost makes it a thing valid to write by. For it must be borne in mind that the land of Saroyan is primarily the land of fable and not of fact and, in the greatest fables the world has seen, turtles talked and foxes heeded the whisper of glistening grapes. Within such a framework, then, we should not legitimately expect to hear the strict syllogisms and close-fitting sorites of the schoolmen's philosophy.

Some of the confusion in the critical estimate of Saroyan comes from being ignorant of the fact that he writes on three extremely different levels, perhaps deliberately. If you read all of Saroyan, the first thing that occurs to you is how enormously repetitious he is, not only in theme and mood, but even in sentences and phrases. Yet two stories of his, identical in this way, somehow do not read the same at all. This is because the techniques in the two stories will be disparate. One might be called the Trapeze manner, because his famous story, *The Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, is written this way, and this particular manner reaches its perfection in the story, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, in the same volume. Though alive with Saroyan sensibility, the prose is, for him, almost impersonal; the mannerisms are lacking; and the peculiar rhythm of the writing is never used save in a story of this kind. In this Trapeze manner, too, much more of a plot is used than in Saroyan's other techniques. To test his two other manners it might be interesting to read *Kit Carson* carefully in his prize play, *The Time of Your Life*, and then read his short story, *Ever Falling in Love with a Midget*, where Kit Carson appears complete with the lines he will say in *The Time of Your Life*. But Saroyan has shifted from the character manner to the dramatic one, and which you like better is up to you.

Thus it will become credible how the man who wrote *The Human Comedy* and *My Name Is Aram* also could write something as banal as the stories in *Peace, It's Wonderful* and *Love, Here Is My Hat*. It is a question of realizing what level he is writing on, and to accept or reject it accordingly. Thus, too, the answer to the question, "Is Saroyan a good writer?" cannot be given without qualification. He

is a good writer when he uses the Trapeze manner; he is a good writer when he writes about children; he is a good writer in three of his plays; he is a good writer in his fables and prefaces. But because of his various techniques, it is impossible to say absolutely that Saroyan is a good writer.

Whether he could become a great writer in one of these techniques, I know not, but I am inclined to think he could. But being aware of Saroyan's inner contrariness, I am not so sure his taste would allow him to select the correct technique.

BACON AND HERETICS

I THINK it was Belloc who labelled Francis Bacon that "nasty, if acute mind," or something closely approaching this pleasant appellation, but as Chesterton was in the habit of remarking: "I have not the book at hand." At any rate, it was most certainly Logan Pearsall Smith who spoke of the Baconians plunging down the Gadarene slope of their delusion; and the two quotations bear intimately upon one another. There is no doubt, for example, that the serpentine courtier's mind was very acute and his personality very nasty. There is quite as little doubt that the slippery chute of the Baconian theory is very, very greasy Gadarene—at least to the orthodox Shakespearean. And the word "orthodox" is the operative nub of our little speculation.

For it leads us to a curious and suggestive parallel in human psychology between the heretic and the Baconian or, for that matter, the backer of the Earl of Oxford's pretensions to the crest: Avon swan, *en passant*, on a background vert of the Pool o' the World. The Shakespearean canon in letters is so colossal, so cosmic, so apparent a phenomenon that the *obvious* and traditionally accepted account of its origin cannot possibly account for it to the mind-stuff of which heresiarchs and their disciples are made. There must be some rationalistic formula for circumventing the collective evidence of history. So illimitable an expanse, surely, cries out for petty limitation; this absurd universality can't be other than specious, and demands a parochial explanation; this spaciousness requires a narrowing. Hence the Baconians; hence the Arians and Reformers.

Like Calvinism, the Baconian attribution is a simplification of an essentially complex and subtle manifestation; like Calvinism, it covers, in a manner of speaking, the facts of the case. But only in a manner of speaking, and most emphatically, neither hypothesis explains the atmospheric and psychic temperatures of Christianity or *Hamlet*. Arius, John Calvin, Martin Luther and Francis Bacon (whatever their followers may be) were all of them great men; but no one of them was Catholic in any sense of the word, whether you spell the term with a large or a small C. Shakespeare was the latter at least; and if the Comtesse de Chambrun is right, he may have been the former as well. But this point, however, interesting as a speculative toy, is of slight importance to criticism.

CHARLES A. BRADY

AROUND A TABLE

There are times when the silence falls
(They say an angel passes)
On the walls, on the bright glasses,
Softly falls over the laden table, the silver, the flowers;
When we all are one together, warm as with wine
For what we are, for what is ours;
When we smile at one another in the quiet as the angel
passes,
And the last words we spoke—
Only tomorrow's weather, only the old joke—
Wreath the still air like smoke, hang there and shine
Rose, and the silence glows.

And times when the silence strains and trembles,
Pains the ear, the air tingles
With the last words wildly and unkindly flung
In among us as we sit taut-strung, nerves jangled;
When we look at one another half in fear
Of the hand upon the sword-hilt, of the gauntlet, of the
lion's spring.
Hush, wait. Wait for the passing of the angel
Who stood in flames at the gate of Eden, the east gate.
Hush, do not stir.
Do not touch a string in this thin air.

And there are times when the silence falls
Like the moon's shadow
On the walls, on the blank window,
And we sit in a dark and chill air
Though candles flicker, lights shine on familiar faces;
When our last words are thrown back in the hollow
craters and echoing spaces
Between chair and chair;
When the shadow shuts us in together, out from one
another,
Words cannot reach though hands touch
As we pass bread and fill glasses. . . .
Is it an angel passes? JOYCE HORNER

BOY PLAYING AN ORGAN

Francis, my brother, in the clear, wide morning,
Alone in the chapel, with young, tentative hands
Builds his soaring fugues. The melody drifts
Beyond the garden wall; the pasture lands

Are dearer for the far whisper of song.
The old house listens rapt and keeps the scent
Of music in its rooms like incense after
Benediction. And all innocent

Of artifice and pride of work, my brother
Weaves his thronging tapestries of sound,
His long, brown fingers quick upon the loom,
The bright web gay with falcon, lance and hound,

And vigils watched, and maids with golden hair,
Beseeching succor from the beardless knight;
The dragon's rage, the goodly sword unsheathed,
And all the bloody fortune of the fight.

Francis, my brother, youngest of my brothers,
With all his secret pennons still unfurled,
Builds his battlements of music up
Amid a falling world. FRANCIS SWEENEY

LINES TO MY SISTER

As birds never know how sweetly they sing,
Nor flowers how fragrant the blossoms of Spring;
And the moon is quite blind to her silvery grace,
And never has studied her pale, lovely face:

Such was your song and your fragrance and grace,
Such was the charm of your innocent face;
If these could return with the fragrance of Spring,
Surely the birds would know what they sing!

REDMOND J. MCGOLDRICK

SMALL THINGS

Praise be to God for all things small:
For pulpit-jacks that preach not tall;
For snow-storms in a crystal ball;
And baby tankards on the wall.

Praise be to God for all things wee:
For humming-bird and bumble-bee;
(Of course one must exclude the flea)
And doll-house things that tiny be.

Praise be to God for clean foolscap
To sew the sampler-quilted map
Where little states yawn on the lap
Of History in Hourglass Gap.

Praise be to God for soldiers tin;
For elfins shorter than a Djinn;
And—since we must—for venial sin,
With sentry-box to shrive us in.

Praise be to God for all things fresh:
For puppy's paw and spider's mesh;
For furry, purry kitten's flesh;
And tiny figures in the Crèche.

Toy stage-scene out of Hesiod!
Toy shepherd with toy shepherd's rod;
Toy ox and ass and horse unshod;
And on toy grass the Baby God.

Praise be to Christ, the man-child prays;
So small, so dear, to Christ all praise;
Sing ballads, songs, and roundelays:
Our tiniest toy's the Ancient of Days!

CHARLES A. BRADY

THE MUSTARD SEED

What mortal glimpses what a moment means
Behind the casualness that masks its face?
Young Keats, held captive by the Grecian vase
That caught on wing the joy of simple scenes,
Hymned but a symbol that the seer gleans,
Hinting the harvest. Past all mortal grace
That hurries unheeded by, the soul may trace
The treasure, stripped of sacramental screens.

Each moment is eternity distilled:
All Heaven and Hell dispute each tick of time;
Man falls, the prophets speak and are fulfilled,
Christ prays and labors, dies for every crime,
And lives to give again the infinite price
For every moment that will not come twice.

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BOOKS

TEACHERS AND RACE CONFLICTS

INTERCULTURAL EDUCATION IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS. By William E. Vickery and Stewart G. Cole. Harper and Bros. \$1

THE title of this unpretending book is slightly forbidding, and suggests another possible educational fad. The authors, however, are experienced schoolmen. In practical form, they present the findings of quite a large group of educators and others who have given careful thought to an important but painfully actual matter: how can racial conflict be prevented from developing at the roots? These roots are the racial attitudes learned largely in childhood itself.

Since the sources of such attitudes are forgotten and they become part of a person's habitual mental and emotional furnishings, the notion is current that these attitudes are "inherited," as you inherit the shape of your nose or the conformation of your skull. Messrs. Vickery and Cole have learned otherwise.

They propose two fundamental theses: "one, that race and cultural conflicts are serious threats to the well being of individuals, of communities, and of the American nation as a whole; the other, that these conflicts can be lessened and, in certain instances, eliminated by a carefully planned educational program."

The general framework they plan for their intercultural education is that of "cultural democracy," something midway between extreme cultural pluralism—diversity of groups run wild—and cultural uniformity or absence of racial differences. They plan to:

... meet this situation by defining certain areas of life in which all Americans can be called upon to cooperate or conform in the interests of national unity and the general welfare, and other areas of life in which cultural differences may be fostered in the interests of personal happiness, group satisfaction, and national richness and flexibility. (P. 149.)

The teacher, in their view, must concern himself with the facts he wants his pupils to learn and the misinformation he wants them to unlearn. Educative experiences should be planned for the pupils; and the same should be "taught to think critically and analytically about intergroup relationships." Children can learn to unmask racist propaganda. The authors are cautious, practical as to the wisdom of "raising the question." They provide a thorough syllabus of suggestions for all grades, a wealth of methods and techniques, and supplement their teaching by a carefully selected reading list. Terms are accurately defined. The remarks about "mixed marriages" (p. 52) and the relation of Mexicans to the Church (p. 15) are open to misinterpretation. With a very few minor reserves, I would recommend their work to the study of Catholic educators. JOHN LAFARGE

INDUSTRIAL MEDICINE GENESIS

EXPLORING THE DANGEROUS TRADES. By Alice Hamilton, M.D. Little, Brown and Co. \$3

WHEN I finished this book, which is at once an engaging autobiography and a first-rate sociological document, I had for the author mixed feelings of pity and admiration.

The admiration was spontaneous, and extended to the writer's character as well as to her magnificent achievement in the field of industrial medicine. This field, as is well known, she pioneered, and her work in it was such as to merit worldwide acclaim and a position—the only woman to be so honored—on the Harvard Medical Faculty.

But the development of her character was, it seems to me, an achievement of a higher order. The conditions which she discovered in American industry—the callous wastage of human beings, the cold indifference of many employers, the dishonorable lack of interest on the part of the medical profession, the apathy of the white-collared class—all of these might easily have led to harshness and cynicism and despair. That they did not do so is a tribute, I think, to her belief in God and her deep compassion for the multitude.

The pity I feel is the pity that we who have the Faith, through no merit of ours, feel for those who must struggle along in that twilight zone where Truth shines but fitfully through error. In her sincere and unselfish love for the downtrodden, Dr. Hamilton was sometimes led dangerously astray. Through most of her life she was a convinced pacifist; and when Margaret Sanger inaugurated the birth-control movement, she lent her talent to a cause destructive of the very human dignity she strove so nobly to defend.

But this she did not and does not see, and that is the pity of her life and her career. What a tragedy it is that for Dr. Hamilton, and thousands like her, the riches of Catholic teaching remain forever sealed away in a tomb of inherited prejudice!

But here I have rambled on, saying all too little about the book under review. It is a good book. It tells modestly and authoritatively the story of America's belated fight to check the scourge of industrial diseases. It tells, also, the rich story of an interesting lady who became a doctor, lived for some years at Hull House, won international fame in her chosen field, traveled widely, met interesting people, and now lives in the evening of her life with the hope that the world born of the present travail will be a better world than the one she tried to improve.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

A TRIO OF NOVELS

HEAVEN IS A WINDSWEEP HILL. By Earl Guy. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

KATHERINE CHRISTIAN. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

DAWN OVER THE AMAZON. By Carleton Beals. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3

THE poetic title of the first novel gives little indication of the ruggedness of the tale it tells. A few days in the hard-working life of Sam and Matty Drindle and their two small daughters is all the time covered by the action, but it is action with a vengeance—for they were days of anticipating and fighting a Mississippi flood that swept their farmlands.

The story is one of heart-breaking, back-wrenching toil, of the hopeless recurrence of flood and debt but, strangely and happily, the author is not of the *Tobacco Road* school and there is a spirit of tenaciousness and of self-reliance, of decency and human friendship that evokes cheers that this author has not ruined a fine tale by making it a sociological study in a morbid vein.

He could have done just that; but simply because the tale does not preach, it is all the more moving as a study of the underprivileged farmer. In that sense, it is a sociological indictment that such conditions can exist in the richest country in the world. The characters are sharp and warm, the dialect well handled, and there is some fine descriptive writing.

Hugh Walpole's posthumous book was to have carried on the saga of the Herries family, and it does to a point, although it is by no means the story that *The Bright Pavillions* was. It is, in fact, definitely second-rate for Walpole. It covers the period from the death of Elizabeth to the outbreak of the Civil War, 1643. The heroine of the book was a magician's daughter who became strangely mixed up with the Herries family, but she is hardly the dominant character of the book. In fact, there is no such character. Walpole has introduced so many almost evenly treated figures into this tale that they all emerge rather dim and undefined. Cromwell

"Shines Like a New Sword"

Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty once said, speaking of the English and the fact that much of their literature nowadays is written by Irishmen, "They stuck the language down our throats. Now we could strangle them with it, if we wanted to."

There are times when this boast seems true, for certainly the Irish, ever hungry for a weapon of articulation, have whetted the blade of their step-language against the bright, hard stone of their imagination until it *shines like a new sword*. When it was drawn from such scabbards as Yeats and Joyce it seemed almost to have the magic of Excalibur.

Now, coming from the sheath of Robert Farren, the young Dublin poet, in an epic of Ireland's greatest native saint, it is very evidently a keener and more flexible instrument than its counterpart across the Channel.

Robert Farren's poetry is an excellent example of what English becomes in the hands of the Irish. He has written some seventy poems, many of them exquisite lyrics, which tell the story of Colmcille, also known as St. Columba. Colmcille was the great Irish saint who came after Patrick, who lived in Derry, continued the fight against paganism, was familiar with angels, and went to Scotland in exile for penance, after stirring up a war between his people and Ireland's king.

This story Robert Farren tells with imagination, understanding, tenderness and a mastery over words which makes them light up his thoughts as the tapers at Droma Finn illuminated the Vulgate for Colmcille while he copied it in the night. English becomes an Irish language as he uses it to tell his people's epic in

*"words that have crept down time on rungs
of country cailleachs' tongues, unchanged,
flushing with flame the smile that clung
around a race's heritage."*

—Quoted from Thomas Sugrue's review in the
NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW of Robert Farren's
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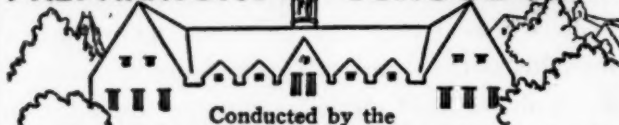
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perhaps stands out strongest—and in all too transforming a light. Two of the women are morally loose, though they are not therefore lauded.

The most clearly delineated character is that of the patriarch Nicholas Herries, and he is that, I think, because he carries over some of the dash and chivalry of the earlier *The Bright Pavillions*. The romantic courtier, Rashleigh, with all his devotion to the King, is a pale wraith beside him. That is perhaps because the times were growing paler as they receded from England's Catholic era.

There is a disturbing undercurrent of anti-Catholic bent throughout the book, perhaps from the emphasis that it was the Catholic Queen who caused the people to resent the King and plunge into civil war. The book, in short, seems to labor from a confusion of direction; it is not well planned and does not end. This, of course, might all have been corrected had the author lived to complete it. Unfortunately, he did not, and the last of the Herries novels will remain definitely inferior to its predecessors.

Carleton Beals' gigantic novel, Literary Guild selection for July, is a picaresque melodrama that just does not come off. It seems that World War II, after a patched-up peace, has flared up again in 1950. Grant Hammond, the American hero, in South America to carry through his plans for Pan-American development of the Amazon Basin, is caught up in the invasion of South America by the Axis. Back and forth he and his friends shuttle over the continent, and we with him, all in no little confusion. The book ends with an "epic" description of the defense of Fort Liberty, which is long and detailed, but which, to this reviewer, just does not reëcho the clash and shock of war. A villainous charmer, Count De Braga, swaggers insultingly through many feminine conquests, and would be rather ridiculous were not some of his (and others') triumphs too well described.

Mr. Beals knows his South America, but in this novel he has been too ambitious. It is a sprawling mixtum-gatherum, and I did not find a single thrilling page in it, despite the blurb. Let it go. HAROLD C. GARDINER

WASHINGTON: THE CINDERELLA CITY. By William O. Stevens. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$3

LET me one suspect this book of being even second cousin to a dull Washington guide or standard historical text. Mr. Stevens, both author and illustrator, has often proved a sort of Boswell for our distinguished cities. In a mode that may popularly be described as a cross between O. O. McIntyre and Lucius Beebe, his latest offering is a flavorsome and thoroughly enjoyable biography of our now resplendent and thriving capital, born in 1790 to a most unpromising existence.

Till much after the Civil War, it was the laughing-stock of visiting European writers, including the scornful Dickens. To him, it was shabby, pretentious and stained with tobacco juice. Americans themselves twitted it as the City of Magnificent Distances and Miserable Morasses. Certainly, the extravagant plans of the talented (and temperamental) Major L'Enfant had no gratifying realization for nearly a century. His architectural brainchild "jes' grewed up" to a dirty-dressed, slovenly and rather uncouth maidenhood, confined for many years to muddy avenues.

The miserable years of Cinderella's life and how she grew into one of the world's Princess cities is told by Stevens in a steady flow of little known anecdote, ranging from gossip snatches to fascinating historical fact, about the big people and their satellites in political and social life. We see the Capital of the past in them and through them. The book is a compendium of human-interest odds and ends written up in sprightly style. It tells of deadly duels and fine dinners, of tobacco-spitting gentry and polished aristocrats, of the better Washington and its squalid side.

Latter portions delve into old houses and their legends. Subsidiary biographies of Georgetown and Alexandria,

and old and new Government buildings, are treated with despatch in a few chapters. We rightly leave Cinderella after viewing her change of attire from ball gown to suit of armor. She's cramped and overcrowded, but doing historic service. NATHANIEL W. HICKS

BEFORE BATAAN AND AFTER. By Frederick S. Marquardt. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.50

AFTER the superficial jottings of tourists and traveling journalists, this book is a happy relief. Philippines born, Mr. Marquardt knows the Filipino people, and fourteen years as Assistant Editor of *Philippines Free Press* gave him full opportunity to watch political developments.

Bataan figures but little in the book. It is rather a vivid portrayal of the birth and growth of a democratic nation in the Orient. The author calls it "a balance sheet on our experiment in the Philippines, an experiment in teaching a people to govern themselves," "an odd combination of crass materialism and unselfish idealism, but it succeeded." Building his book around the personalities of Governors General, High Commissioners and Filipino leaders, Mr. Marquardt offers an accurate introduction to America's changing policies in the Philippines. Especially worthwhile are the chapters on the genesis and growth of independence legislation.

The early American school teachers and the public schools win continued praise as the primary factors in the growth of Filipino dignity and democracy. To one who has long considered the public school a spiritually demoralizing influence on Philippine life, this is jarring and debatable. However, the book deserves wide circulation because of the author's real understanding and appreciation of things Philippine. Far from the Gunther tradition, his chapter on President Quezon is a definite contribution to current historical literature, and will give readers a new and more accurate picture of the Filipino leader. HUGH F. COSTIGAN

SUPPER AT THE MAXWELL HOUSE. By Alfred Leland Crabb. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.50

THIS is an historical novel of Nashville during the Reconstruction period. The Maxwell House was almost but not quite complete at the outbreak of the Civil War; during the war it had served as a prison. The story opens with the return of Weaver Cole to Nashville after "taps had sounded for the Stars and Bars. . . . Disease was in his body and the bitterness of defeat in his soul." And the struggles and trials and tribulations encountered in the completion of the Maxwell House are a symbol of the soul-searing pangs of the rebirth of the Union in the lives and hearts of the people.

It is not an epoch-making or an epoch-marking book, perhaps; yet in this day and age it is a rare and precious thing. It is a book which tells, for the most part, of charming people. It is a story which exalts virtue, which extols courage and sacrifice and honesty and tenderness, which enthrones love in the God-given sense of that calumniated word. If you have in your home a copy of *Red Rock*, by Thomas Nelson Page and of *The Crisis*, by Winston Churchill, put this volume on the same shelf. It belongs there.

The book is a sequel to *Dinner at Belmont* which tells of the same city and, apparently, the same characters during the days of the Civil War itself. I say "apparently," because I have not read the dinner volume as yet. But I enjoyed my supper at the Maxwell House so much that I am looking forward with relish to taking dinner at Belmont. ARTHUR SHEEHAN

JOHN LAFARGE, Executive Editor, speaks with authority and from experience on the race question. His book, *The Race Question and the Negro*, is soon to be published.

HUGH F. COSTIGAN, in Theology at Woodstock, taught in the Philippines.

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PRIMITIVISM is a potent influence in the present period. This is not only seen in art; there are traces discernible in many current ideologies, particularly in those considered to be of an advanced or progressive kind. There are even traces of primitivism in some of the art that has come to be identified with the Liturgical Movement. More than one authoritative voice has been raised to call attention to the danger of identifying the Liturgy with the art that developed around it in early periods of Christian history, periods that are remote from us in time and, more importantly, in experience.

That this general urge towards primitive ideas and art forms should accompany a condition of extreme social sophistication is not strange, for sophistication is usually coupled with a reversion to playful pretense. This gives it qualities that suggest the second childhood of society; the instance of Marie Antoinette and her court playing at being milk-maids is a parallel that is not far-fetched when we consider the lack of realism in people who "take up" primitive or archeological art. We are apt to find such things as African masks and sculpture possessed by ultra-sophisticates whose apartments are decorated with the more decadent and luxurious type of modern-style furnishings. The more conservative type of millionaire, in contrast, substitutes medieval triptychs for the primitive Negro sculpture.

All of this points to a cultural disassociation and a view of art as a form of irrational escapism. Nor are artists, who consider themselves identified with modern movements, necessarily free of this taint. Contemporary art that actually derives from primitive sources is often mistakenly termed *modern*, when its fictitious freshness is only that of novelty. This is not true, however, of all modern art that has a resemblance to primitive forms. Much of this takes its form and character from a legitimate simplification used by the artist. It is worked out of topical material and is not a re-working of primitive material.

Simplification is an essential part of the process of producing art. No painter, as an instance, paints all that he sees. Nature furnishes the material out of which he forms an art work. This entails selection and elimination of material. When the elimination is carried to an extreme, as it is done occasionally in modern art, an archaic effect results that is often confused with the less authentic art that derives from primitive, or archeological, sources. It has little in common, however, with a backward-looking primitivism.

A recent two-volume book (*Medieval Art*, by Pál Kelemen, Macmillan, \$22.50) is of a type that often helps in promoting this backward-looking primitivism among architects and artists. The virtues of the well-selected illustrations of impressively massed architecture and contorted, decorative sculpture are apt to promote a tendency to confuse an archeological uniqueness with that better thing, the uniqueness of a living, contemporary art. This occurs to me because of a conversation with a sculptor who has long been identified with work of a creative modern type. During our talk, he told me of his effort to get a traveling fellowship to enable him to visit Yucatan "to make studies of the monumental Mayan architecture for use in designing American war memorials."

That he should seek his artistic stimulus in the product of a slave people, with whom we have neither historic nor spiritual affinity, raises the question of his understanding of the society in which we live. While art must draw from many sources, both ancient and modern, in order to enrich its content, a false rather than a true basis is established when we neglect to make its center the reality of the life we experience and know.

BARRY BYRNE

THEATRE

EARLY MORNING STARS. There seems to be, as usual, much difference of opinion among the experts as to the record of this dramatic season. Some of them sing sagas in its praise. A few seem convinced that it has brought us nothing sensationally good. The most experienced of them, among whom I can certainly include myself, dismiss the matter with a tacit assumption that we have had an average season, with a few strong high-lights.

Among the most interesting of these high-lights are those that have fallen on our coming stars—the youngsters who not only made a strong appeal to us this season but to whom we must look for some of the big successes of coming seasons. Several of them are so young that it seems almost reckless to make predictions for their future; but I am not one of those who believe that some stars rise for a night and then disappear for all time. We don't see that phenomenon very often, and this season the conspicuous youngsters on our stage have had time and ability to establish themselves firmly.

Who are they? We may as well start the list with *Janie*, less well known as Gwen Anderson, and to be counted on in future to add brilliance to the luster she has already given that previously unknown name. Brock Pemberton discovered her and Antoinette Perry developed her. But to Gwen Anderson herself must be given the credit for remaining unspoiled and avoiding over-acting. Most of our embryo stars see and avoid the danger of over-emphasizing their effects as they go on. In fact, they could give several established stars a valuable hint along those lines. Gwen Anderson has an especially level little head. Her work in *Janie* is still, as it was from the first, simple, natural and appealing.

There is also another potential star in *Janie*. That is little Clare Foley, in the role of an infant of six. Her role, like *Janie's*, could be easily over-played. But Clare, though too young to realize the danger of this herself, has had the intelligence to follow her original directions, and remains simply the *enfant terrible* the playwright and director made her.

One of the experiences I especially enjoy in the theatre is the sudden sharp emergence of a minor type so perfectly acted that the scenes in which it appears become important features of the play. Arlene Frances gives us an excellent example of this in *The Doughgirls*, in which she plays the role of a Russian girl sharp-shooter who has killed 386 Germans "in action." After the run of *The Doughgirls*, which still promises to go on indefinitely, some producer ought to give Miss Frances a chance to show what she can do in straight comedy. She might surprise us all. Nor must we forget the sudden rise from radio to stage stardom of Raymond Edward Johnson, as Thomas Jefferson in *The Patriots*. He is another player we must watch—with gratitude to Hollywood.

Another actor to keep in mind is Tommy Lewis, as the over-sophisticated youngster in *Kiss and Tell*. He will be doing big work some day. So will Joan Caulfield, a new actress in the same play; and Joan Roberts, who made her hit in *Oklahoma*, and is charmingly natural.

But when all is said, the outstanding new star of the season is another radio performer, young Skippy Homeier, who has made his big and richly deserved hit in *Tomorrow the World*. He is in a play with a superb company of artists, including Shirley Booth, Ralph Bellamy and Dorothy Sands. He is only twelve years old and is doing his first work on any theatre stage. But from start to finish he dominates the play, the players and the audiences in his role of a demon child developed under Nazi control. Another child on the same program, Nancy Nugent, the little daughter of Elliott Nugent, is extremely clever and will eventually go far as an actress. But young Homeier is a genius, and every spectator realizes it.

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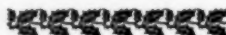
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FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS. A deluge of publicity concerning this presentation has flooded newsprint for many months, so much so that any cinemagoer who can read is practically an expert on the picture's background, foreground and so on. After seeing the completed film, it is evident that Ernest Hemingway's notorious novel has received handsome treatment at Hollywood's hands. However, the celluloid version succeeds in being almost as controversial as its predecessor, though not for the same reasons. Its two hours and forty-eight minutes of reelage—too much to take at one sitting under any circumstances—has been branded as tedious by some, and eloquent and captivating by others who have seen the production. An honest opinion would admit that this story set against the background of the recent Spanish Civil war demands both praise and censure. There are moments of artistic and pictorial beauty, of tingling, tense adventure, of soul-stirring personal drama. In contrast, scenes of horrific, shocking brutality, of deliberate, cold-blooded murder mar the perfection of the piece. The Spanish political issue is shadowy, not ever clearly enough defined to give heart to sympathizers on either side, particularly to the Leftists. Communists involved in the action are painted as inadequate in every way, while Loyalists are defined as blood-thirsty ruffians, cruel beyond measure. Dialog, at times, crowds this history of three days in the lives of a group of Loyalist guerrillas. But the talk manages to paint a canvas from which we glean something of the characters' motivation. Gary Cooper is the American volunteer who turns saboteur for a foreign cause. Ingrid Bergman is the orphaned girl whose lot cast her with the cut-throat band in the mountains. Their interpretations are intelligent and capable, though Akim Tamiroff and Katina Paxinou give the really outstanding ones in the production. Because the picture does reach dramatic heights some of the time, it is regrettable that *objection* must be made to a suggestive situation; to the excessive brutality and to the indication of justification of homicide. (*Paramount*)

THE CONSTANT NYMPH. The mad Sangers have been brought back to the screen in one of the season's most impressive dramas. Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine head a distinguished cast and play the parts of the two musicians, whose love affair is frustrated, through to the unhappy ending. In a series of changing moods, the growth physically and mentally of Tessa Sanger is recorded. Her love for the budding composer, her father's protegee, starts when she is a child, though fate through a chain of circumstances never allows this affection to be fulfilled, even when she proves to be the inspiration that awakens the man's true genius. There is suspense as well as tragedy in the tale of these artists. Because the feature in one brief remark reflects the acceptability of divorce, it is *objectionable* on moral grounds. (*Warner Brothers*)

HERS TO HOLD. Like a breath of spring, Deanna Durbin ushers in a picture with a war note that manages nevertheless to be happy and light-hearted. Set against the background of the Vega defense plant, a debutante who has deserted society for the assembly line falls in love with a war worker who is awaiting his wings in the Air Corps, so the finale finds him going off to war leaving her to help build the planes he flies. Joseph Cotton proves a very pleasant hero, for a change, with no sinister overtones. Miss Durbin has several opportunities to sing, and pleases with such favorites as *Kashmiri Song*, *Begin the Beguine*, and *Seguidilla*, from Carmen. All the family will find this delightful and refreshing entertainment. (*Universal*) MARY SHERIDAN

CORRESPONDENCE

DISGUST WITH DIGEST

EDITOR: It might be interesting to note, in regard to your editorial of July 10, *We Gag at the Digest*, that there are many readers of AMERICA who are of the same opinion.

While the *Digest* has many intelligent, intellectual and educational articles and essays, it also has many articles peppered with crudity and immorality. Examples of each of these types are the two articles to which you referred in your editorial, namely: *Connecticut Yankee at Heaven's Gate* and *A Birth-Control Pioneer Among Migrants*.

In the opinion of many, the *Readers' Digest* has been one of the best of its kind. It will, however, lose much of its power and influence because of its shady stories, indecent literature and its more recent immoral and vulgar pictures.

Why is it then that a magazine which has won approval after many years of struggle must lower itself in these ways?

Rochester, N. Y.

SISTER M. CLAUDIA, S.S.J.

CAUSES OF RACE RIOTS

EDITOR: There is probably no social question more deeply dyed in prejudice than that of race. Many books have been written about this problem—for such it certainly is—and magazines of every description abound in articles written by competent and fair-minded men on the bloody riots that occur periodically in various cities. Warnings have also been issued—supported by facts, causes and arguments for the future—but they went unheeded by the vast majority of those concerned, high and low. Flare-ups would occur soon after. The dangerous and seething ferment, working for evil, was discovered, as a rule, in districts where the whites and the Negroes were working side by side in large industrial plants, as in Detroit and Chicago. Various causes were alleged, such as inadequate housing, but they were usually found to be superficial. The evil persisted, in good measure, at least, when these causes were remedied. The real causes lay deeper. There will be no remedy until these causes are plumbed, and concerted action in the same direction is taken by all who are really interested in the problem.

In the Chicago riots in 1919 a committee of seven (four white and three Negro) made a thorough investigation into these bloody riots. All were agreed that they were not originated by the black man.

For many years AMERICA has been making consistent efforts to blot out this American disgrace. Back in the years of the valiant and fearless editor, Richard Tierney, articles and letters were spread profusely over the columns of his *Review* in defense of the natural rights of the colored citizen and his family. The editor was pilloried for his zeal. The writer of these lines was so bold as to contribute two letters, with arguments supporting his stand. He, too, was promptly pilloried in private letters. The correspondence columns of the *Review* began to be deluged with letters, and there was venom in many of them.

Father LaFarge, the champion in the front line of defense of the Negro, contends in his article in AMERICA, July 17, *The Nation Can Cure Causes of Race Riots*, that the problem raised by the riots is primarily a moral one. So it is. Yet, strangely enough, it is not being solved at all by those who claim to be masters in morality. A few years ago a Washington, D. C., cleric revealed to me that, in his estimation, the best solution of this vex-

ing problem would be to "pack the Negroes in boats and send them back to Africa where they came from." How thoughtful and apostolic! "Few see the moral problem as a whole," says Father LaFarge. Are they bleary-eyed? Poughkeepsie, N. Y. PHILIP H. BURKETT

COMMENDING COMMENT

EDITOR: I have read several of the recent issues of AMERICA and I enjoy your magazine very much, particularly your "Comment on the Week" which brings one up to date on current affairs and supplies much food for thought.

Cornwall, Ontario

N. I. BATTISTA

OCEANS OFF

EDITOR: Since Mr. Watts is open to correction on his article *Book of the Year: Catholic Directory* (June 19, 1943), may I add another correction to Father Sulkowski's?

Father John B. Washington was a Chaplain in the Army (not the Navy), and he lost his life in the Atlantic (not the Pacific).

Mr. Watts did not mention Father James Liston of Chicago, who was lost with Father Washington.

South Orange, N. J.

SACERDOS

[EDITORIAL NOTE. In the future we shall try to publish notices of all Chaplains who die in service. Their names will be found in the column of UNDERSCORINGS.]

CATHER CATHOLIC?

EDITOR: Mr. Kevin Sullivan in his *Two Party Lines* (July 17, 1943), speaks of Miss Willa S. Cather in such a way as to imply that she is a Catholic. True, her *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and *Shadows on the Rock* are as vividly and beautifully Catholic as any novels I have read; however, I do not think Miss Cather is a Catholic. If she is, there are many who would be delighted to hear the good news.

I doubt very much that the two books mentioned above make non-Catholics feel "that the Faith is a beautiful anachronism." At any rate, to observe that Miss Cather (with other "Catholic" authors) ignores "the problems and significance of our own times" is to resurrect, unintentionally, no doubt, the old leftist criticism of her finest work. Since this criticism was biased and unsound, it is best forgotten.

West Baden Springs, Ind.

JOHN B. AMBERG

BY-PASSING BIGOTS

EDITOR: My first reaction to your editorial, *Insult To An Archbishop*, in AMERICA for June 5, was disgust with the derailment of those who sing the praises of that bigoted sheet *The Protestant*. Your high-minded scholarly publication ought to ignore the ravings of sheets of *The Protestant* type and their approval by lesser lights. This ignoring will have at least one good effect; it will preserve your readers' peace of mind.

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SCARCELY a week passes that does not deposit additional evidence of the profound knowledge of life on earth possessed by the poets and scholars of the long ago. . . . Lord Byron, many years back, after considerable observation, remarked: "What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger is woman!" . . . Last week, a Pennsylvania man, unwittingly confirming Byron's analysis, testified in court that during his seventeen years of wedded life one of his wife's chief activities was throwing various articles at him, including kettles of sauerkraut. He added that she once had their daughter pepper him with a BB gun. . . . A California woman told a court that a neighbor couple were making faces at her dog, causing the animal to become nervous and irritable. She asked for an injunction to stop these neighbors from making faces at the canine. . . . Speaking through one of his characters, Shakespeare declared: "If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt." . . . Last week, several centuries after Shakespeare, a twenty-one-year-old Chicago woman, after telling a divorce court she had been married in 1939, stated: "The day after our marriage my husband went out to look for an apartment and he hasn't come back yet." . . . Stepping over to a more general topic, Shakespeare has this to say: "Oh, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!" . . . The bard's contention received supporting evidence during recent days. . . . A Richmond, Va., motorist parked his car between City Hall and the Capitol. He received a parking ticket from a city policeman. He then moved his car into the Capitol grounds and received a ticket from a Capitol policeman. Whereupon, an internal revenue officer stepped up and put a summons on the motorist's windshield because he had no Federal tax stamp. And then, as the motorist started to leave, one of his tires blew out. . . . In Detroit, a citizen loaned his auto to a friend who was an unlicensed driver, while he himself rode a motorcycle to work. The friend ran him down, smashed his motorcycle, injured his back. For being run down by his own car driven by an unlicensed driver, the citizen was arrested, given a suspended sentence.

Not all phases of life, however, were foreseen by the poets. . . . Speaking of fires, Tennyson exclaims: "O love! O fire!" . . . Shakespeare takes the attitude that: "A little fire is quickly trodden out; which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench." . . . Cowper, Montgomery and others likewise talk about fires. . . . Goldsmith, Cowper, Shakespeare and many more also speak about clocks. . . . But no major poet or scholar appears to have foreseen the connection between clocks and fires. . . . They are, to a man, silent on the point. . . . In Tacoma, Wash., a citizen, who is deaf, attached his alarm clock to an electric motor in such fashion that the apparatus would shake his bed and awaken him. During his absence, the alarm went off, caused friction, started a fire.

Before his death in 1936, Thurston, the magician, told a friend: "If I can communicate with you from the next world I will." Recently the friend staged his seventh unsuccessful attempt to establish communication. Standing before Thurston's crypt, he asked for the agreed-on communication. He got no communication from Thurston. . . . The poets are pretty accurate about death. . . . Shakespeare speaks of "The undiscover'd country from whose bourn No traveler returns." . . . Longfellow says: "There is no death! What seems so is transition: This life of mortal breath Is but a suburb of life elysian, Whose portal we call Death." . . . It is a one-way portal.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

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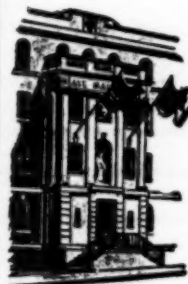
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MALCOLM W. BINGAY, writing in THE DETROIT FREE PRESS

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While I read *The Nation* and *The New Republic* and the other parlor pink publications, I am not disturbed by them. Merely bored or amused. They just do not get their teeth into anything. Their small circulation attests that, apparently, the average American is in agreement with me on that.

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Memo to Desk V

Looking back over the past month we find that contributions for the Desk V fund picked up considerably as the drive continued.

Last week's mail brought in some heartening replies herewith marked for your attention.

"In memory of my boy who was killed in a plane crash while serving as Chaplain in the Army Air Corps I am enclosing check . . ."

New York, N. Y.

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P.S.: Hoping next week's mail is as encouraging—

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